THE AMERICAN WEST

COVER: The Sacramento station of the Central Pacific Railroad in the early 1870's rendered by William Hahn (from *The City of the Plain: Sacramento in the Nineteenth Century*—a limited edition being published on May 10 by the Sacramento Pioneer Foundation and distributed by THE AMERICAN WEST). With an excellent eye for all the bustling, vivid detail typical of the days when such scenes were as vital a part of the national landscape as Fourth of July parades and traveling circuses, the artist captured the impact and meaning of the railroad in the last half of the nineteenth century. This was the golden age of American railroading, a day when its great machines spoke for the vigor and enterprise of the nation itself; its crowning achievement came one hundred years ago this month when the rails of the Central Pacific were joined to those of the Union Pacific at Promontory, Utah. (For more on the transcontinental railroad, see page 4 of this issue.)

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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Railroad days remembered: in a photograph that speaks volumes of an era long past, Donald Duke has captured the essence of an age in which the steam locomotive was a vital part of American life.

The Trans continental Railroad

"Every Mountain Shall Be Made Low..."

THERE WAS SOMETHING in the America of the nineteenth century that responded to the image of a steam locomotive and its train thundering across the landscape. It was the Great Machine of the era; the lyric melancholy of its whistle spoke of progress and enterprise, of muscle, money, and the technological coming-of-age of America, and more: it spoke of adventure, of the romance of the far-off, of dreams made possible and real; the sound was a theme song for a nation of wanderers.

The image was a compelling one, but it had its match in another: the westering mission of the Republic. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," said a poet, and a hundred newspaper editorials echoed it compulsively. It had its evils, but the image of a continental America was a true one for its time and place, and as irresistible to the bulk of her citizens as the wailing lorelei of the locomotive's promising whistle.

And on the morning of May 10, 1869, the two images became one at Promontory, Utah, when the rails of the West were joined to those of the East, completing America's first transcontinental railroad.

Linking the nation across two thousand miles of western deserts and mountains was the most profound engineering feat of its day, a technological adventure comparable in its impact to the greatest adventure of our own day, the sending of astronauts to the moon. For the Central Pacific, building east from Sacramento, it demanded the blasting, burrowing, and chipping of a roadbed across the 14,000-foot *massif* of the Sierra Nevada. For the Union Pacific, building west from Omaha, it involved the crossing of territory that only a generation earlier had been but little removed from *terra incognita*, accompanied by the nerve-rending possibility of Indian attacks that came too often for any man to rest securely in his scalp. Yet it was all done, sometimes at incredible speeds; the Union Pacific laid 428 miles of track in 1868, and on one day in 1869 the Central Pacific's crews threw down ten miles of rail, a feat that has never been equalled.

When it was finished, the nation erupted in a spectral binge of self-congratulation. Unlike the ending of the Civil War four years before, shadowed by the memory of six hundred thousand dead, the completion of the transcontinental railroad was an event that could be memorialized with enthusiastic gusto. San Franciscans danced in streets made aromatic by free-flowing whiskey; Mormons gathered in the Great Tabernacle of Salt Lake City to lift paeans to a foresightful Providence; New Yorkers, Philadelphians, and Chicagoans rejoiced, and even Bostonians abandoned their composure. The transcontinental railroad was a national dream, a national pride, and a national experience.

THIS MONTH, we mark the one hundredth anniversary of the day the rails were joined at Promontory. We know now, as some knew even then, that this enterprise was something less than a pristine exercise in national greatness. The national dream of a transcontinental railroad, like so many others during the years after the Civil War, quickly became controlled by a handful of empire-builders—men with the foresight, shrewdness, unenlightened self-interest, and raw determination to turn great dreams to their own ends. History has not been particularly kind to such men, too often with legitimate reason. The power they held over the economic and political life of the nation was enormous, and frequently it was badly used. Moreover, some saw—and have seen—in the government's collaboration with these titans, by giving away monumental chunks of the public domain and allowing them unobstructed access to the national trough, the signs of a great conspiracy against the people. "While fighting to retain eleven refractory states," one critic of the day complained, "the nation permits itself to be cozened out of territory sufficient to form twelve new republics." And economist Henry George warned against too optimistic a view of what the railroad would bring to the West: "Let us not imagine ourselves in a fool's paradise, where the golden apples will drop into our mouths."

America was not listening. The pragmatic fact of the matter was that the East felt it needed a railroad to the Pacific; the West felt it needed one to the commercial and political centers of the East. There was no resisting the appeal of these combined desires; and if in the process of fulfillment the transcontinental railroad became the satrapy of a few, it was a development eminently suited to its time, both a product and a reflection of the complex and sometimes brutal drives that characterized America as it emerged an industrial civilization.

Questions of ethics or even legality aside, there was no denying the railroad's power to transform the course of western history. It ended California's twenty-year isolation by cutting communication to the East to a matter of days, instead of weeks; it linked the economic empires of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and strengthened the power that these empires already exercised in the economic "colony" of the trans-Mississippi West; it opened the Great Plains to settlement; it gave birth to the Cattleman's Empire; it made fortunes and ruined lives; and it ushered in the great age of American railroading, which was largely a western phenomenon.

That age is now gone, of course, and even its romance has been dimmed by the ages that succeeded it—the Automobile Age, the Air Age, the Jet Age, and now the threshold of the Supersonic Age. Yet even in remembrance a hint of the original magic remains, for the railroad was a deeply personal extension of its time; its meaning and purpose were clear; its engines of progress were *understandable* machines. There is a residue of that sense of identification left in us today—call it nostalgia, if you will—for the railroad was one of the prime symbols of a time we like to recall as being simpler and less demanding than our own, one more evocative of what we still call the American Dream. Truly or falsely remembered, that image is reason enough to commemorate in this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST the one hundredth anniversary of America's "Great Work of the Age."

—THE EDITORS

CENTRAL PACIFIC AND UNION PACIFIC RAILROADS LINKING THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
"THE PACIFIC RAILWAY IS COMPLETED"
MAY 10, 1869
PROMONTORY SUMMIT

From 54 K Street to Capitol Hill

FOR SALE: An Empire

$1,500 DOWN

BY DAVID LAVENDER

Partners in empire, top to bottom: Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford.

One day late in November, 1860, Sacramento hardware dealer Collis P. Huntington opened his copy of the *Union* and learned that one Theodore D. Judah had called for a railroad meeting in the St. Charles Hotel. He had probably met the engineer before; they lived in the same town, and Mark Hopkins, his partner, and he sold the kind of equipment Judah used. Furthermore, Daniel Strong of Dutch Flat had already tried to sell Huntington and Hopkins shares in the newly-formed Central Pacific, but they had turned him aside with remarks that they were still trying to recover from their disastrous fire of 1852. At any rate, together with the newly-elected Republican assemblyman, Charles Crocker, Huntington wandered over to the hotel to hear what Judah had to say.

Underneath the speech ran a note of desperation. Judah had to organize a company almost overnight, conduct a survey, and find money enough to build several dozen miles of railroad, for under the stipulations of the Curtis bill now before Congress, a federal loan would not be forthcoming until the company had proved its responsibility by completing a specified amount of work.

When foot-draggers pointed out the last fact, Judah replied querulously that he had already answered the question in a

circular of November 1. State and county aid would surely be forthcoming at once. He would start with that. In costly areas he would compromise, laying temporary track on grades up to 250 feet per mile. Then as fast as "appropriations [can] be procured from the government, the work for [permanent] grading can be carried on, and . . . the track moved over on to it." It was a slippery expedient, and he doubted that it would prove necessary. The company's franchise alone would attract capital, he said. Eastern financiers would require only enough evidence to show that the westerners could really breast the mountains. As a trained engineer, he knew the Donner route would work. Nonetheless he had to produce exact figures. He proposed to use the down payments made for stock subscriptions to finance the survey. A mere ten dollars per share, gentlemen . . .

A grocer or farmer in the audience asked whether produce usable by the surveyors—grain for horses, potatoes and flour for the men—would be acceptable as a down payment. Judah winced and said yes. A few men shuffled up to the desk and wrote down their names. Others watched Huntington, a leading merchant of known sagacity, to see what he would do.

He sat motionless. To anyone who knew the ways of finance—and he and Hopkins by this time were each year

Theodore Dehone Judah, whose "crazy" dream of a Pacific Railroad caught the fancy of Collis P. Huntington.

handling heavy equipment worth tens of thousands of dollars —Judah's presentation must have sounded like a child's playhouse fantasy. Still, underneath the impractical approach there was a sounder basis than mere zeal. Judah knew railroading; he had watched Congress in action and could call many members by name; he had found a route that probably was workable. It was a rare mixture, worthy of further exploration. As soon as the gathering had dispersed, Huntington stepped over to the discouraged man and arranged for a meeting, either upstairs at 54 K Street or at the home of Collis's brother-in-law, E. D. Prentice—accounts vary.

Either at that gathering or at a subsequent one, Judah played his ace. The survey he wanted his listeners to finance would be useful, he said, not only for the railroad but for a preliminary wagonway from Dutch Flat across the Sierra to Virginia City on the Comstock Lode. Such a wagonway would produce revenue from toll charges while the railroad was being built and would be useful for bringing supplies to workers engaged on the larger project. Thus their investment would be protected, for if anything happened to the railroad, they would still have the wagonway. Competition was no worry. Because of the single summit at Donner Pass, their route would be more popular with teamsters than the existing highway over Johnson Pass or the longer road over Henness Pass that the Robinson brothers were talking about. A perfect deal. They couldn't lose!

Not that he supposed the railroad would fail to materialize. No! And back he circled to his conviction that the Curtis bill, or a variation of it, would soon pass Congress—if not during the current lame-duck session, then surely during the first regular session to meet after Lincoln's inauguration.

Surely?

Yes. Judah leaned forward to explain, and for the first time, probably, Huntington and his associates became aware of the intense manipulations with which local lines in the Midwest were fostering a transcontinental railroad as a means of furthering their regional ambitions.

Huntington grew thoughtful. Here, patently, was an opportunity for horse trading. If the bosses of the Republican party of California—most of them sitting right there at 54 K Street —put their weight behind the midwesterners, would not the midwesterners return the favor by encouraging the government to name the Central Pacific as the official feeder line in the West?

Long after Judah had gathered up his portfolios and gone home, Collis and Mark Hopkins wore the small hours away, talking, talking. Another $7,500 would put the Central Pacific over the top, guaranteeing funds enough to cover both the survey and the necessary lobbying in Congress. Only $7,500 —150 shares of $100 stock, 10 percent down, pledged by themselves and three others.

Judah? Ah, yes. They would have to take him in as an equal, of course, paying him for his preliminary work and for his surveying with a bookkeeping entry of another 150 shares. If the engineer needed money to live on meanwhile, they could afford to give him a salary of $100 a month. So argued Collis Huntington, the born plunger, excitement racing in his veins. Think of it! A transcontinental railroad in their grasp for only $1,500 apiece.

Hopkins was more cautious. Although $1,500 did not sound like much, they were hardly wealthy. Sacramento tax rolls show that in 1861 Huntington's real estate and personal property together were assessed at $8,680. Though the hardware store did a good business, most of it was on credit. Its assessed valuation for 1861 was $21,405. And the survey was just the opening of what might prove a bottomless sink. That was a mightly big mountain they were talking about.

But think of the opportunity! Judah was in their hands now. He might slip loose if they kept him dangling too long. Their prospects for a favorable hearing in both the national capitol and at the state house in Sacramento were as bright as anyone's in California. By controlling the survey and afterward the board of directors, a tight little group of them could move a long way toward controlling the entire company. Ah, Mark! If ever they were going to amount to more than country hardware dealers, this was the time.

Hopkins finally agreed. Jauntily, Collis set out to find three more men willing to risk $1,500. More colossal self-confidence can scarcely be imagined. Huntington was depending utterly on congressional favor, yet had only secondhand information about how Congress worked. Neither he nor Hopkins had had the least contact with railroad construction or operation, and Judah's experience was limited to engineering details.

Yet he dared offer an empire for $1,500 down.

A gold brick? Men like Darius O. Mills, Sacramento's leading banker and a good friend of Collis's, thought so and refused to participate. In the end Huntington had to settle for small-town entrepreneurs like himself: James Peel, an engineer about whom little is known, and James Bailey, a prosperous Sacramento importer of watches, clocks, and jewelry. After hesitating for several days, Leland Stanford finally succumbed. When he did the list was complete—and then Peel backed out. Doggedly Huntington searched again and this time made contact with Charles Crocker.

Dutch Flat, western terminus of the wagon road to Virginia City that was to serve the Central Pacific as a "cash register" for the railroad's construction.

Daniel Strong, one of Judah's staunchest supporters, had dreams far beyond the scale of his Dutch Flat drugstore, seen here probably in the early 1860's.

Smaller investors added their bit, among them Cornelius Cole, who subscribed for ten shares—$100 down. A more valuable contribution was Cole's friendship with William Seward, who appeared destined for a place in Lincoln's cabinet. On December 1, 1860, Cole sent Seward via pony express a long letter offering a few words of advice about patronage and a great deal about the need for a Pacific railroad.

The letter must have reached the New York senator about the time the Curtis bill passed the House, December 18—two days before South Carolina seceded. How much effect the missive had is problematical. In any event, on January 5, 1861, after Gwin of California had offered a comparable railroad bill to the Senate, Seward supported it with a ringing speech. Gwin, however, was a southern sympathizer, and his railroad proposal became a sort of bedraggled olive branch held out by northern senators in hope of quieting secessionist talk. Everything the South wanted concerning railroads was put into amendments and shoveled into the proposed measure. This enabled the Far North to demand and win matching concessions: a government-supported railroad from Puget Sound to Lake Superior and land grants for a Pacific Coast line from Sacramento to Portland and Puget Sound.

This Santa Claus bagful of promises, enough to founder the treasury of even a nation at peace with itself, passed the Senate 37 to 14 and was sent to conference so that discrepancies with the House bill could be smoothed away. The House Republicans proved less conciliatory than the senators and the measure died.

News of the collapse came as a rude shock to 54 K Street. Until then events had been sailing along according to expectations. Leland Stanford had left on January 21 to confer with Lincoln. Unquestionably he had been briefed about people he should see concerning the Central Pacific's aspiration to be named in the act as the official railroad of the Far West. The winter being unusually dry, Judah had hurried ahead with his survey, running it during March from Folsom northeast toward Dutch Flat. Thus the company would be ready for whatever Congress did. But Congress, hamstrung once again by southern complications, did nothing.

While the associates were absorbing this, word arrived by way of pony express and the western end of the Overland Telegraph that the attack on Fort Sumter had made civil war inevitable. What did this portend? Might not the next Congress be too absorbed by emergency measures to heed still another railroad bill? Should they not suspend operations and conserve their funds until they saw what was likely to happen?

Judah at least and perhaps Huntington argued vehemently against such timorousness. With southern obstructionism ended, a railroad bill was virtually guaranteed. Besides, the potential competitors they had feared all along were beginning to stir. Assured of county support and backed by financing from Pioche & Bayerque, the Sacramento, Placer & Nevada line was planning to grade as far as Auburn. From Auburn the promoters of the line sent surveyors into the mountains to re-examine the route from Dutch Flat through Henness Pass. Was a local rail and wagonway their only goal?

Nearer the coast, the promoters of the San Francisco & San Jose had begun grading south. They made no secret whatsoever of their expectation that *their* line would become the western end of the great Pacific Railroad, if and when the national system was built. If Congress proved friendly, would they be content to stop at San Jose and wait for the main line to come to them?

Meanwhile the businessmen of El Dorado County, hoping to keep Nevada traffic flowing through their district, had run a survey for what they called the Sacramento & Placerville from Folsom to Placerville. Pioche & Bayerque probably had

a finger in that, too, and in the plans to improve the wagon road over Johnson Pass. Suppose *they* attracted congressional attention?

Faced with such threats, the Central Pacific dared not hesitate before shoring up its own resources. The state capital looked like the place to begin. Polls taken by the Republican managers at 54 K Street indicated that Stanford might well be nominated for governor and win the election this year, if he consented to run. Off went urgent letters, advising him to hurry back from the East in time for the state convention to be held in Sacramento on June 18. Judah meantime was told to press ahead with his Donner Pass survey as fast as the retreating snow allowed.

The next step was to turn the informal Central Pacific Railroad into a legally recognized corporation. This entailed finding new subscribers to replace those in the mountains who had lost their nerve during the winter and had dropped out. Someone, Huntington probably, undertook to call on his Sacramento neighbors, chat with them about the grand survey underway in the mountains, drop a few prominent names—Stanford, for one—and then give his listerners an opportunity to get in on "bedrock," as California idiom put it. The approach worked. Dr. John F. Morse, who had sailed from Panama to San Francisco on the brig *Humboldt* with Huntington in 1849, took 5 shares. The mercantile houses of Lord, Holbrook & Co. and Millikin Brothers each took 10. So it went until 1,250 shares were accounted for—well above the 1,150 legal minimum. Of those 1,250 shares, the original contributors to the survey—Judah, Hopkins, Stanford, Crocker, Bailey, and Huntington—held 900.

A meeting to elect a board of directors was then called for April 30—at 54 K Street inevitably. To no one's surprise each of the original contributors was given a place. All were Sacramentans. To keep the mountain counties through which the road passed from feeling voiceless, Huntington added to the board the names of Charles Marsh of Nevada City and Daniel Strong of Dutch Flat. Both had helped Judah during his preliminary reconnaisance. Moreover, a firm friendship had developed between Judah and Strong, and perhaps Huntington hoped that the addition of the pharmacist would keep the touchy little engineer from complaining that he was being smothered by the Sacramento political clique. And finally, for reasons not now recoverable, there was Luctus A. Booth, a wholesale grocer who seems to have sat in on most of the company's early discussions, even though he held only ten shares of stock.

Before the company's articles of incorporation could be filed with the secretary of state, this new board had to elect a slate of officers. They delayed several weeks, awaiting Stanford's return from the East. After he was back and had been duly named on June 19 as the Republican candidate for governor, the nine directors met at 54 K Street. Stanford, appointed temporary chairman, named Judah and Strong as a nominating committee. The two brought in a slate that designated Judah as chief engineer, James Bailey as secretary, Mark Hopkins as treasurer, Collis P. Huntington as vice-president, Leland Stanford as president.

Huntington was displeased. He wanted the presidency for himself and with a thrust of his cold, gray-blue eyes let Strong know as much. The druggist-doctor and Judah stood their ground. Shrugging, Huntington chose not to make an issue of the point, and the slate was declared elected. There would be no open breach between the two top men until their climactic sundering in 1884. Long before then, however, Collis Huntington's private letters to Hopkins would show clearly that he never considered Leland Stanford an adequate man for the job given him that day.

On June 27, Secretary Bailey filed articles of incorporation with the state, and the Central Pacific was a true company at last.

BECAUSE OF LACK OF FUNDS, Judah did not continue his survey deep into Nevada, as he had originally proposed, but halted as soon as he was sure he could spiral tracks from Donner Summit down Donner Creek into the canyon of the Truckee River. By early August he was back in Sacramento boasting of his accomplishments to the editor of the *Union*, who on August 7 reported to the town with due awe, "When the Pacific RR next comes up in Congress, California will be able to say to members, 'We are now prepared to lay before you a perfectly reliable report of a complete survey over the mountain, by a competent engineer. The problem as to crossing the Sierra Nevada has been solved!' "

Unmentioned in this rosy report were certain chilling truths about cost. Among other things, Judah had discovered that to hold to his average grade of 105 feet per mile, he would have to bore eighteen tunnels totaling 17,410 feet in length, the longest would be 1,370 feet. His original guess at mileage —115—had risen under actual measurement to 140. His estimate for the cost of building to the border jumped from $8,500,000 to almost $13,000,000 or approximately $88,000 a mile. So stark a total made the loan of $28,000 a mile offered by the Curtis bill look considerably less alluring than it had when Judah had been talking in terms of an average outlay of $70,000 a mile. He must have squirmed uncomfortably while presenting the figures, and in self-defense he finally persuaded Crocker, Huntington, and Stanford to ride with him over the proposed route and see for themselves why the estimates had risen so.

They skirted the beetling cliffs of Cape Horn rock high above the North Fork—a route across those precipices had been one of the hardest of all to plot, Judah said—and traveled on among the evergreens and pinnacles to the summit, 7,000 feet above sea level. Years later Stanford told members of Congress's Pacific Railway Commission that the view from Donner Pass down 1,200 feet to deep blue Donner Lake and then 2,000 feet up to the wind-swept, snow-streaked peaks on either hand was "very formidable." Yet the three mer-

chants, who knew nothing of construction, decided to push ahead

Wouldn't it have been safer just to write off their $1,500 as a bad investment?

No, Stanford said. They still had faith in county, state, and federal aid. Moreover, continuing mineral strikes made Nevada's future seem as ripe as California's had in 1850. If the legal freight of fifteen cents a ton per mile remained in effect, "we could afford to build the road with the prospect of the further development of Nevada."

Judah was in a fever to leave immediately for Washington and start working with his midwestern friends on a new measure to replace the Curtis bill. The other directors restrained him. "Election and politics so monopolize everything here now," he wrote Strong on September 2, "that our people have very little time to talk railroad matters." Still, he recognized the necessity. "A good deal depends on the election of Stanford," he added to Strong, "for the prestige of electing a Republican ticket will go a good ways toward getting us what we want."

On September 4, Stanford swept into office with an ease that surprised even Republicans. With him he carried three Republican congressmen, Frederick Low, Timothy G. Phelps, and Aaron Augustus Sargent, the latter a thirty-four-year-old newspaper editor from Nevada City, seat of one of the counties that would immediately benefit from the building of the Central Pacific.

The election over, Judah put the finishing touches on his maps, made notes for an elaborate report that he would have printed and distributed in Washington, and arranged for a salary increase to $150 a month. He drew $1,500 toward expenses and filled a portfolio with company stock valued, on the face of the certificates, at a $100,000. This he could distribute as need warranted. In October he sailed. With him were James Bailey, secretary of the Central Pacific Railroad, and (not by coincidence, probably) Aaron Augustus Sargent. For the rest of his life, Sargent's fortunes would be intimately linked with those of the Central Pacific Railroad.

An oblique remark made by Charles Crocker and quoted in the San Francisco *Union* of September 26, 1861, suggests that Huntington rather than Bailey had been delegated to travel to Washington with Judah and Sargent. If so, plans changed abruptly. The reason apparently was the discovery that Judge Timothy Dame, Peter Donahue, and other incorporators of the San Francisco & San Jose Railroad, and contractor Charles McLaughlin, who was grading the line to San Jose, were also journeying to Washington

Almost surely the San Franciscans meant to offer themselves to Congress as builders of the western end of the great Pacific Railroad. If they were chosen, they would no doubt come to some understanding about rights-of-way with the other San Francisco–dominated railways already at work in the foothills, either the Sacramento, Placer & Nevada, which was grading from Folsom toward Auburn on the north side

Horace Greeley (riding shotgun, above) and ace stage driver Hank Monk pause at Placerville in 1859; Greeley's well-publicized trip west in that year helped shape public demand for a Pacific Railroad.

of the American River system, or the Sacramento & Placerville, which had run a survey as far as Placerville on the south side.

It so chanced that at this very time the first territorial legislature of Nevada, predominantly Republican in cast, was gathering in Carson City, across the Sierra. Among the legislators' duties would be the granting of charters to private companies interested in providing public services.

Someone at 54 K Street, Huntington perhaps, suggested that a Nevada railroad franchise in the hands of the Central Pacific or of a Central Pacific subsidiary—in effect a seal of approval from the Nevada legislature—would not only discourage rivals but would also help convince Congress that the Central Pacific, on its toes and ready to go, was the logical recipient of federal aid. Moreover, the Nevada franchise could be used as a trump in bargaining with the Dame-Donahue-McLaughlin syndicate.

The normal way of reaching Carson City was to travel by a Pioneer Line stagecoach from Folsom through Placerville and over Johnson Pass. This was enemy country, however, and the directors assigned to visit the Nevada legislature—Strong, Crocker, and Governor-elect Stanford went with Huntington —may have feared that the sight of them crowding into a public conveyance would alert the opposition. Besides, they wanted to visit Dutch Flat and solicit stock for their proposed Dutch Flat and Donner Lake wagon road. (In spite of the name Donner Lake, the road builders intended, if circumstances seemed propitious, to push the wagonway on as far

as Virginia City. Hence it was necessary for them to sign up enough stock subscribers to meet the incorporation requirements of both California and Nevada.) Accordingly they made arrangements by telegraph for a wagon to drive up a rough lumber road that wound through Truckee Canyon from Nevada and meet them at Donner Lake, the road's end. They then took a Sacramento Valley Railroad train to the Dutch Flat stagecoach terminus at Folsom. On the ponderous quartet went—Huntington, Stanford, and Crocker each weighed more than two hundred pounds and Strong not much less. After completing their errands in Dutch Flat, they mounted reluctant horses provided by the druggist and in biting October winds rode over the "very formidable" pass to icy Donner Lake on the other side. The wagon that was to have met them had been delayed. They camped out twenty-four hours waiting for it—the first time, probably, that they had slept on the ground for years.

When the belated vehicle appeared, its driver was entrusted with taking the saddle horses back to Dutch Flat. With Strong acting as teamster, they rattled down the lumber road beside the river to Truckee Meadows, about where Reno now stands. Trying to make up for lost time, they pressed on until long after dark, bedding down finally in a haystack. The next day, as they were pushing south across a sagebrush desert, one of the overloaded axles cracked. Out of deference either to Stanford's dignity or his groans of misery, the other three let him gingerly drive the crippled wagon while they dismounted and hiked to a wayside tavern known as Honey Lake Smith's. There they procured a new vehicle for the rest of the journey.

The next day, October 25, the Carson City correspondent of the Sacramento *Union* duly noted that C. P. Huntington, Governor-elect Stanford, and "jolly Charley Crocker" of the California legislature had "arrived in town late last night and today have been hob-nobbing around with our Governor, and seeing the lions pretty largely."

"Our Governor" was handsome, portly James Nye, an ex-police commissioner of New York City who had labored well for Lincoln and had been rewarded with this Nevada appointment. Most impressive of Nye's lions was a long-bearded, thirty-four-year-old giant named William Morris Stewart. Before joining the rush to Washoe, Stewart had been a colleague of Aaron Sargent's in Nevada City. His fortunes, like Sargent's, would soon be inextricably linked with those of the Central Pacific Railroad.

Smaller lions included Orion Clemens, Secretary of Nevada Territory, and Orion's younger brother, Sam, who a little later would begin writing for the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* under the pseudonym Mark Twain.

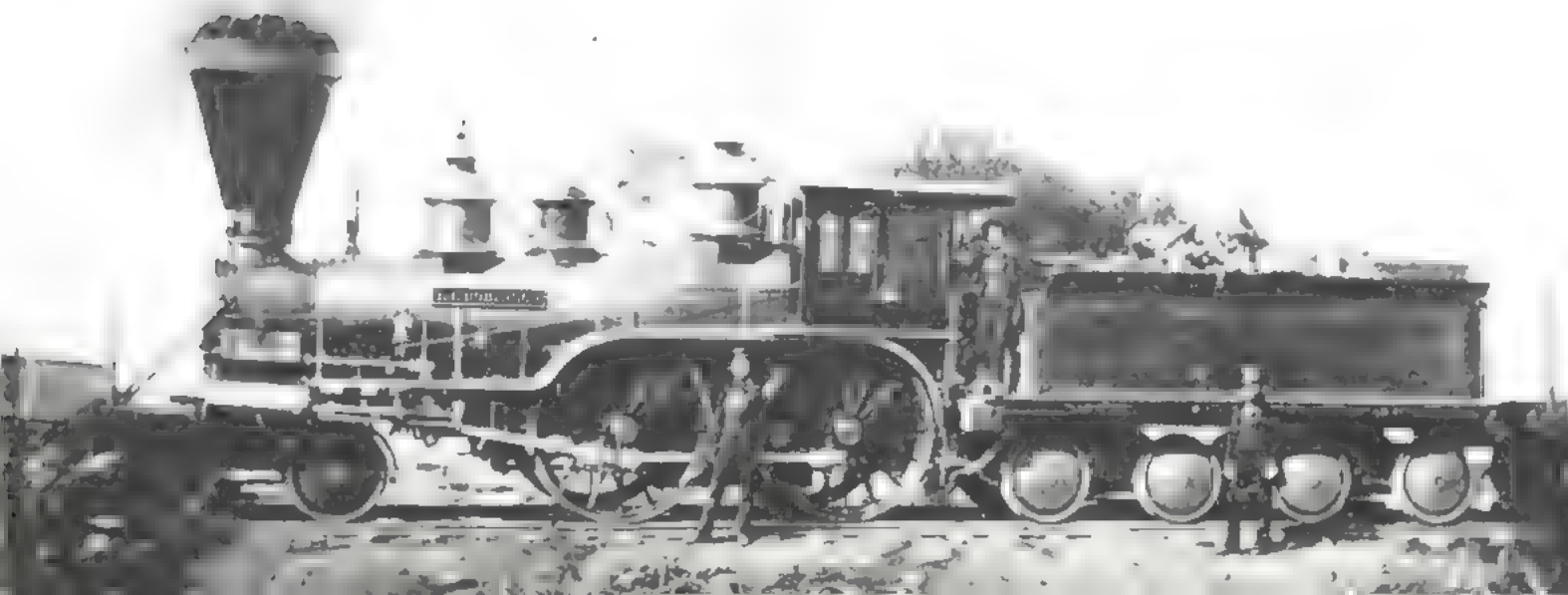
Years afterward, in *Roughing It*, Twain left an account of that first legislature and its meeting place, a large stone building just outside the city limits provided rent free by old Abe Curry. Curry also "furnished pine benches and chairs for the legislature, and covered the floors with clean saw-dust by way of carpet and spitoon combined. . . . A canvas partition to separate the Senate from the House of Representatives was put up by the Secretary at a cost of three dollars and forty cents."

Among the legislators meeting in Curry's hall was a man named Hannah, once of Sacramento. As a favor to old acquaintances, Hannah agreed to introduce into the legislature a bill granting to the "Nevada Central Railroad" a franchise that included a two-hundred-foot right-of-way down Truckee Canyon and on across Nevada toward Utah. An interesting clause in the right-of-way provision prohibited any other railroad from building within two hundred feet of the grant's outer edges, an innocent-sounding detail that effectively excluded would-be rivals from the natural gateway provided by the Truckee Canyon.

Hannah's proposed franchise was instantly attacked by certain legislators who were presumed to be under the thumb of San Francisco businessmen. The *Union's* correspondent was

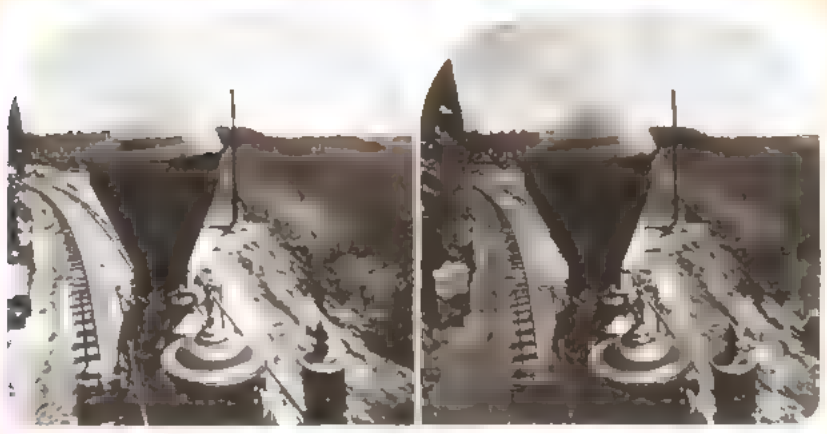
Continued on page 29

California's first locomotive, the L. L. Robinson *— imported to the state by Judah's employer, the Sacramento Valley Railroad.*



THE MUSCLE, THE GOLD, AND THE IRON

Documenting the Construction of the Central Pacific
The Stereographs of Alfred A. Hart



"The skies smiled yesterday upon a ceremony of vast significance," the Sacramento **Union** reported on January 9, 1863. "With rites appropriate to the occasion, and in presence of the dignitaries of the state, representatives of every portion of the commonwealth, and a great gathering of citizens, ground was formally broken at noon for the commencement of the Central Pacific Railroad—the California link of the continental chain that is to unite American communities now divided by thousands of miles of trackless wilderness. The muscle, the gold, and the iron were ready to make the railroad a reality."

To document that reality as it slowly stretched east from Sacramento, Leland Stanford hired Sacramento photographer Alfred J. Hart in 1864. Whenever an inspection train left Sacramento for the end-of-line, Hart, w th his wet-plate outfit, stereo camera, and assistants, went with it. He was the only photographer to have such a privilege on the Central Pacific line, and the hundreds of photographs he produced provide a detailed and perceptive record of the railroad as it painfully inched its way over the Sierra, then sped across the deserts of the West to Promontory.

Building the Newcastle Trestle, just east of Sacramento.

1863: The Pacific Railroad Act provided for a loan of $48,000 a mile for track laid over mountains; so in March, Charles Crocker, general superintendent of construction, took state geologist J. D. Whitney with him to determine where the mountains began: "I wished him to decide where true justice would place the western base of the Sierra Nevada. 'Well,' he says, 'the true base is the Sacramento River, but for the purpose of this bill Arcade Creek [a little over seven miles east of Sacramento] is as fair a place as any.' " President Abraham Lincoln agreed and assigned that spot as the beginning of the Sierra. "Here is a case," he said, "in which Abraham's Faith has moved mountains."

1864: As the C.P. began to cut and blast its way into the Sierra foothills (the real foothills), the money situation seemed hopeless: "I would have been glad, when we had thirty miles of road built, to have got a clean shirt and absolution from my debts," Crocker later recalled. Another participant, attorney Alfred A. Cohen, remembered Huntington's frantic scramble for eastern money: "I have seen Mr. Huntington trudging about from office to office in New York trying to get people to lend him money. For months—almost for a year, if not more—he was traveling at night between Washington and Boston trying to raise money to send to California. They were put to terrible straits to get money to get over the mountains." With the completion of fifty miles of track, however, the federal largess was forthcoming, and the following year the C.P. pushed into the Sierra in earnest.

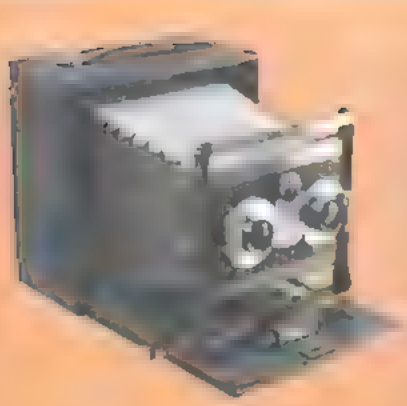
Road and trestle near Lovell's Ranch in the foothills

By the time the transcontinental railroad began inching across the plains and mountains of the West, the still-young craft of photography was beginning to come into its own. Comparatively sophisticated techniques and equipment had been developed during the previous twenty-five years, and the American photographer was ready to take his place as the chronicler of all the great events of the age. One of the greatest of those events was the construction of the Pacific Railroad, and one of the most effective means utilized to document it for an eager American public was the production of stereographic views, as evidenced by the work of Alfred A. Hart reproduced above.

A Chinese workman at the east portal of Tunnel No. 8.

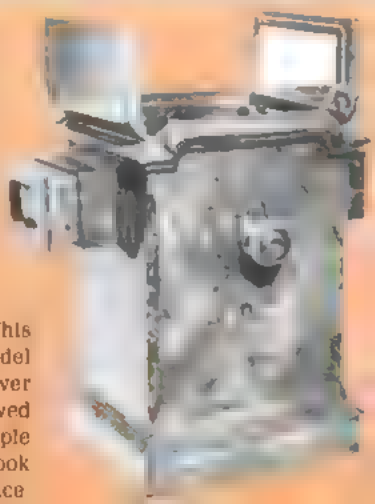
Bank and cut at Sailor's Spur, in the heart of the Sierra

1865: One of the greatest assets of the C.P. as it cut and tunneled its way through the Sierra was a force of Chinese laborers acquired in the spring of 1865. E. B. Crocker, a Central Pacific executive, described their advantages: "They prove nearly equal to white men in the amount of labor they perform, and are far more reliable. We are training them to all kinds of labor, blasting, driving horses, handling rock, as well as the pick and shovel. We want a body of 2,500 trained laborers and keep them steadily at work until the road is built clear across the continent—or until we meet them coming from the other side." Hard-working and reliable, the Chinese also were cheap and less inclined to strike, virtues which the C. P. gave due consideration. Ultimately as many as fifteen thousand of them would join the company's construction forces

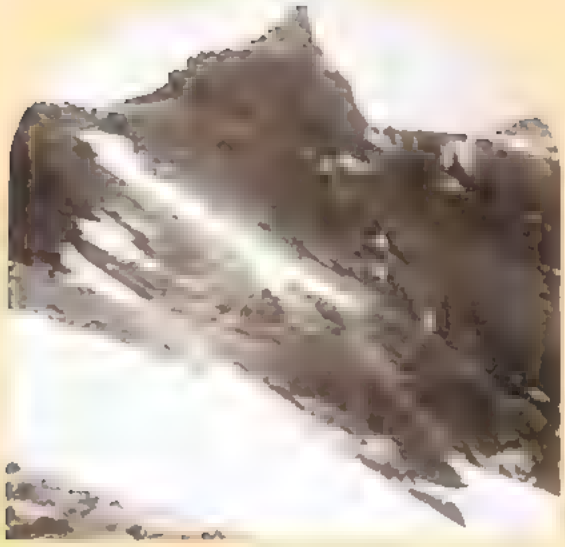


A twin-lensed stereo camera of the 1890's.

From the days of the daguerreotype, the principal goal of photographers has been to mirror reality as faithfully as possible. The stereograph was a natural outgrowth of this ambition. The method was simple: a scene was photographed once, then the camera was moved 2½ inches (the approximate distance between human eyes) to the right or left and the scene was shot once again, producing two images which, when viewed through a device called a stereoscope, came together and gave the illusion of depth. Later, twin-lensed cameras were devised to photograph the two images simultaneously, and stereoscopes were developed in a wide variety of types and sizes, as shown by the examples on these pages.



This table-model viewer allowed two people to look at once



Winter at Castle Peak, 10,000 feet above the sea.

Winter, 1866/67: Construction hand J. O. Wilder remembered a season of disaster and death: "It proved to be a severe winter. The snowfall was heavy and it was very cold. There was one large snowslide at Strong's Canyon, known as Camp Four. In this camp were two gangs of Chinese for Tunnels 11 and 12, also a gang of culvert men. The slide took it all, and one of the culvert men was not found until the following spring. At our camp, the snow was so deep we had to shovel it from the roof and make steps to get to the top of the snow. We were snowed in, and our provisions got down to corn meal and tea. Had it lasted one week longer, we would have had eaten horse meat."

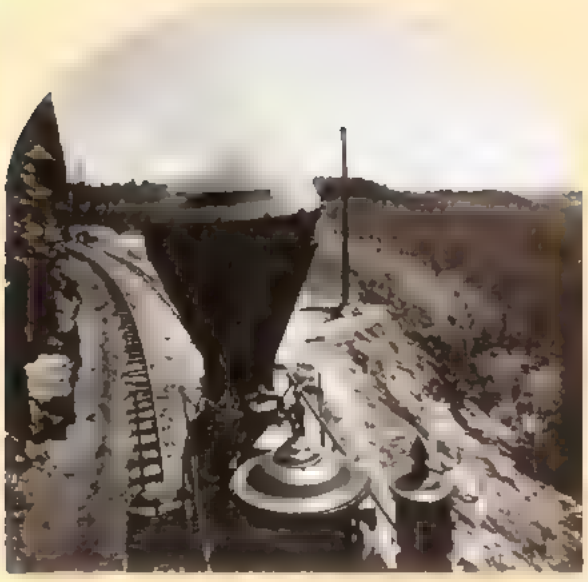
1867: "It became evident from our experience," construction engineer Arthur Brown recalled, "that the snow problem had become serious, and it was decided after various discussions on the subject by the directors of the company that the only positive means of protecting the road was by snowsheds and galleries. Although the expense of building a shed nearly forty miles in length was almost appalling and unprecedented in railroad construction, there seemed to be no alternative." Begun in 1867 and completed in the summer of 1868, the "shed" turned out to be 37 miles long.

Snowsheds under construction near Cisco

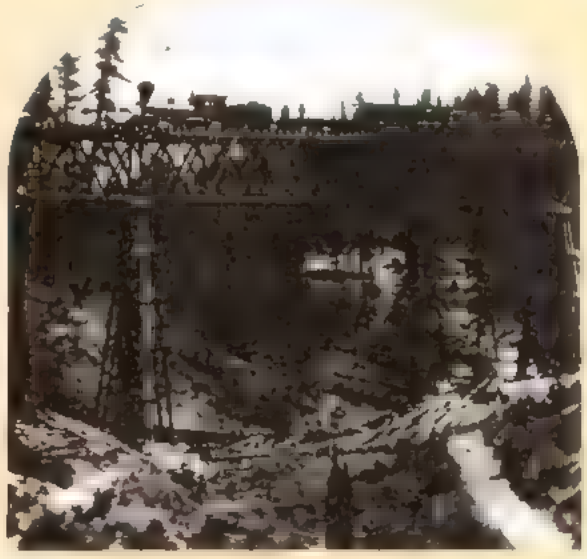
One popular stereoscope included a magnifying lens for added effect.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, an avid stereograph enthusiast (and the inventor of one popular type of stereoscope) left us with a description of the stereograph's convincing duplication of nature when he discussed Matthew Brady's Civil War stereographs: "It is so nearly like visiting the battlefields to look over these views that all the emotions excited by the actual sight of the stained and sordid scene, strewed with rags and wrecks, came back to us, and we buried them in the recesses of our cabinet as we would have buried the mutilated remains of the dead they too vividly represented."

1868: "Work on as though Heaven were before you and Hell behind you," Huntington urged Crocker, and the construction superintendent announced his New Year's resolution: "A mile a day for every working day in 1868." By spring, the wall of the Sierra was breached, and a San Francisco **Chronicle** reporter jubilantly rode the first passenger train over the mountains and into the valley of the Truckee River: "Now we descended rapidly on one of the most beautiful, smooth, and solid roads on the continent into the romantic valley of the Truckee. As the first through passenger train sweeps down the eastern slopes of the Sierra, John [the Chinese laborer], comprehending fully the importance of the event, loses his natural appearance of stolidity and indifference, and welcomes with the swinging of his broad-brimmed hat and loud, uncouth shouts the iron horse and those he brings with him. . . . John, with his patient toil, directed by American energy and capital, has broken down the great barrier at last and opened over it the greatest highway yet created for the march of commerce and civilization around the globe."



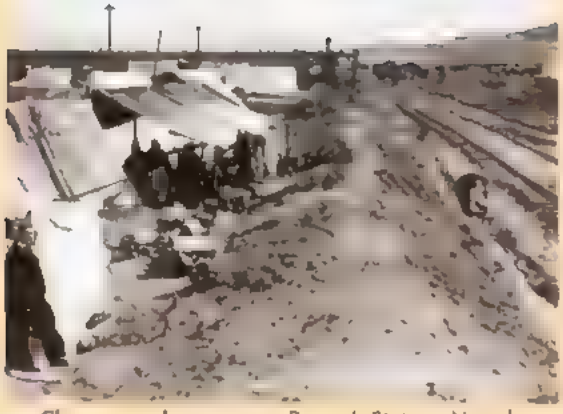
Rounding "Cape Horn."



Crossing Long Ravine Bridge, 120 feet high

By the end of the 1860's, the enthusiasm of Oliver Wendell Holmes was shared by the bulk of the population, and the oft-repeated slogan of one stereographic company, "A Stereoscope for Every Home," had very nearly become reality. From then until well into the twentieth century, the stereoscope, or stereoptican, introduced two generations of Americans to the wonders of their country and all the wide world. The stereoscope and a respectable collection of stereographs were as much a part of the normal family parlor as a leather-bound Bible or the latest issue of **The Ladies' Home Journal,** and as dominant a means of home entertainment as taffy pulls or the game of charades.

As techniques improved, equipment grew in sophistication, above, a turn-of-the-century Kodak stereo camera, right, an illuminated viewer.



Chinese work camp near Brown's Station, Nevada.

1868: Canvas towns, springing up overnight in the Nevada desert, where "a jack-rabbit had to carry a canteen and haversack," lived but a few days, disappeared, and reappeared as the speedway for the iron horse forged its way eastward. "The place that knew it at morning knew it no more at night," an **Alta California** reporter noted. "Where a busy town of 5,000 was in the morning, was a deserted village site at night."

1868: Crocker's resolution of "a mile a day for every working day" was exceeded again and again—three miles, five miles, six miles. The work was a constant marvel to reporters: "It would be impossible to describe how rapidly, orderly, and perfectly the work is done, without seeing the operation itself. There are just as many employed as can conveniently work, and no more. Vehicles laden with ties are always in advance, and Chinese with gauge and leveling rod place them across the grade, almost as quick as thought. The car with the rails is brought up at a gallop, and six white men—three at each rail—roll the iron off the car, drop it upon the track, with the velocity of steam. The empty car is lifted off the track, and then one fully loaded is drawn to the front, and the same operation repeated ad infinitum." The rails were then laid and spiked by another crew, the whole process moving along with the inexorable deliberation of some grand machine.

"Advance of civilization" on the Humboldt Desert

Another magnifying viewer, one that conveniently folded flat.

To keep up with the enormous demands of the stereographic craze in America, a thousand or more photographers produced millions of views of everything from coronations to catastrophes. Among this small army of photographers were the great western names—Carleton Watkins, Eadweard Muybridge, Timothy O'Sullivan, Jack Hillers, A. J. Russell, Alfred A. Hart, Henry Peabody, et al—whose prolific output covered almost every physical aspect of the West, from scenes of San Francisco and Salt Lake City to the wondrous delights of Yosemite, Yellowstone, and the Grand Canyon, and the thousands of views that have survived in private and public collections comprise an immensely valuable record of the life and times of the West in the nineteenth century.

Laying rail in Ten-Mile Canyon.

1869: On April 28, two weeks before the linking of the rails at Promontory, Central Pacific laid ten miles of rail in a single day, working from seven in the morning to seven in the evening—a construction record that has never been matched. Some compulsive statistician calculated that 25,800 ties, 3,250 rails, 55,000 spikes, and 14,080 bolts were utilized, and that each rail handler lifted 125 tons of iron.

1869: By May 8, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific rails stood less than one hundred feet apart. Although the final linking would wait until Monday, May 10, the engines of the two companies were brought up to the end of track for an informal commemoration, as reported by the **Alta California:** "At twenty minutes past four, central time, U. P. Engine No. 66 arrived from the east, came to a halt, and let off steam. The C. P. 'Whirlwind,' standing opposite and within 100 feet, replied with a sharp whistle, and thus the first meeting of locomotives from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts took place."

First greeting of the locomotives, Promontory Point

The stereographs in this article, together with portions of the accompanying text, have been selected from **High Road to Promontory** by George Kraus—an American West book to be issued on May 10.

The great machine of the penny arcade was the cabinet stereopticon

The equipment reproduced on these pages is from the collections of the Oakland Museum, one institution that recognizes the importance of the stereograph and the stereoptican as a representation of the western past. As Therese Heyman, Associate Curator of the museum's art division, tells us, "The building and collating of stereographic collections—together with examples of cameras and viewers—must be one of the prime goals of any museum with an awareness of the past, for these records and artifacts of a vanished era are equally valuable to the uses of history and of art. One of the most important of our current undertakings is the assembling of such a collection as an integral part of an even larger project whose purpose is nothing less than the retracing of the photographic history of California—from the rare daguerrean views of the early 1850's to the twentieth-century art of Dorothea Lange, Edward Weston, and many others. The scope and complexity of such a project require a major but thoroughly worthwhile effort, for the result must enlarge an understanding of our past—and ultimately of ourselves." ℝ

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

The Photographs of A. J. Russell

BY WILLIAM D. PATTISON

On an August afternoon in 1960, in a New York City library, I discovered a "lost" collection of original photographs, including some of the most remarkable pictures ever taken of the American West. This series of nearly two hundred magnificent 10 x 13-inch glass plates was stored in wooden packing boxes, probably the ones in which they were shipped from the West a century ago. Beginning at Omaha and ending at Sacramento, Andrew J. Russell had set up a camera to capture the images along the route of the first transcontinental railroad

When I came upon the Russell Collection, it was part of an unexamined body of photographic materials attributed, from the time of acquisition some twenty years earlier, to a one-time giver of illustrated lectures, Stephen Sedgwick. Sedgwick, a well-known figure on the lyceum circuits of New York City and vicinity during the 1860's and 1870's, was the subject of a historical inquiry I was then undertaking. Once I had recognized one of the "Sedgwick" plates as the negative of a photograph known to be Russell's, I laid my research aside to try to solve the mystery.

The "Sedgwick" holdings (in the library of the American Geographical Society of New York) were found to be three collections. (1) a stock of lantern slides used by Sedgwick in many of his lectures, including slides for a simulated rail journey westward from Omaha, (2) a store of stereographic pictures, both positive and negative, representing the combined work of an official Union Pacific photographic corps, and (3) the Russell Collection, consisting of negatives from the master camera of the man who directed the photographic corps. Letters found at the University of California, Los Angeles, and records consulted at the Union Pacific Railroad offices in Omaha, made it apparent that Sedgwick, having gone west to serve as an assistant to the Union Pacific photographers, returned to become a sales agent in the New York area both for the stereographic views, produced for home stereoscopes, and for the pictures from the master camera, sold as "parlor ornaments." To meet the demand for prints of both types, many of which were supplied to other agents, Sedgwick acquired custody of the original wet-plate negatives. His lecture slides, each representing half a stereographic picture, were by-products of the home viewer trade.

Not long after 1880, Sedgwick's career as a lecturer ended, and the popularity of the photographic prints ebbed away. The Russell Collection, along with the other negatives in Sedgwick's possession, might have been lost to posterity but for the fact that they remained in his residence not only for the duration of his long life (he died in 1920 at the age of 99), but also throughout the life of a devoted daughter, his sole heir. She, in turn, bequeathed the entire inventory of materials, as an expression of gratitude, to the physician who attended both herself and her father. From the family of the physician, the collection passed to the American Geographical Society.

What, then, of Russell? He was certainly not unknown to students of early American photography at the time of my discovery, but his reputation was overshadowed by more celebrated contemporaries. As a Civil War photographer, he was known to have been a specialist in picturing military railroads and so was excluded from the aura surrounding Mathew Brady and associates. As a cameraman in the postwar West, he was subject to comparison with William H. Jackson of Omaha, Charles A. Savage of Salt Lake City, Alfred A. Hart of Sacramento, and others; but because of his limited production and the relative brevity of his sojourns in the West (probably the summers of 1868 through 1870), the comparison was all too often not in his

favor. Now that his *chef d'oeuvre* has been brought to light, a reevaluation of Russell is in order.

In 1960, when I began the reappraisal of Russell's work, it became evident to me that full appreciation would require understanding the connection between his Civil War photographs—well represented by prints in the National Archives and the Library of Congress—and the western views that in a sense grew out of them. I had barely started this job, through a brief comparative study, where in a further effort to appreciate Russell as a serious artist, I located an article which revealed that the camera he used in the West was an instrument of his own design. (See "New Outdoors Camera Box," *Anthony's Photographic Bulletin*, Vol. 1, 1870, p. 118, with facing illustration.)

Finally, I was able to establish the authenticity of the individual plates in the Russell Collection, principally by checking the legends inscribed in the emulsion of each plate, when still wet, against the handwriting of a letter from Russell to Sedgwick. An almost unbelievable finding, further verified by other means, was that Russell was the author of the most famous of all western railroad photographs. Number 227 in the Russell Collection, "East and West Shaking Hand [*sic*] at Laying Last Rail" had been attributed to Charles R. Savage by all authorities. Lucius Beebe said of Savage's authorship, in response to a letter written to him soon after the discovery, "I rather accepted it as an established fact that needed no demonstration any more than that it requires proof that Whistler painted his own mother." But he was persuaded otherwise, and not long afterward journeyed to see the collection himself. His published use of several of the pictures led to the recent reproduction in THE AMERICAN WEST of more Russell photographs. (See Robert Weinstein and Roger Olmsted, "Epic on Glass," THE AMERICAN WEST, February, 1967, pp. 10–23.) In the interests of history and art, one hopes for an eventually complete disclosure of the Russell pictures to the public eye.

William D. Pattison, *a scholar with a particular interest in the history of photography, is Associate Professor in the Department of Geography at the University of Chicago.*

While the Central Pacific ground its way painfully across the enormous wall of the Sierra Nevada, the Union Pacific started west from Omaha. Spurred on by Chief Engineer Grenville M. Dodge and the hard-driving Jack Casement, track-laying contractor for the railroad, the U. P.'s crews steadily improved in efficiency and speed, until by 1868 they were laying down more than two miles of rail every working day. On hand to record it all was A. J. Russell, who became the company's official photographer in 1868. Above and left are details from the large plate reproduced on the following two pages. Below is the now famous May 10, 1869, scene at Promontory, showing Grenville Dodge and the C. P.'s chief engineer, Samuel Montague, shaking hands at the meeting of the rails. At the far left (page 20) is shown Russell's photographic wagon, which carried his plates and supplies and served as a darkroom for the thoroughly complicated business of mid-nineteenth-century field photography in the West.

If any one of Russell's many glass-plate Union Pacific photographs can be described as "definitive," perhaps it is this 1869 view of the paymaster's car at Promontory. The completion of the transcontinental railroad was, after all, as much the product of human sweat as engineering skill, and seen here are the men whose labor made it possible. When they started in Omaha they numbered only about 250. At Promontory they were 10,000 strong. Only about one in four were tracklayers. The others were graders, blacksmiths, teamsters, herdsmen, cooks, bakers, bridge builders, carpenters, masons, and clerks. On the average they made three dollars a day. They ate beef and bread, and washed it down with strong black coffee, though whiskey was their favorite drink. They bathed only when there was a stream nearby—and at Promontory the nearest water was four miles away. Many were Irish. Most had fought in the Civil War and still wore parts of their old uniforms. They had another thing in common: they were proud of a job nearly done—a staggering undertaking few people thought could be done in twice the time.

RAWLINS

Profile of a Railroad Town

The Rawlins Hotel in 1868 — a photograph by A. J. Russell.

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

THE FIRST TIME I SAW Rawlins, Wyoming, was in my early cowpunching days, when I was visiting friends who had a ranch near Independence Rock. After a glorious week on the roundup—in what I would now describe as a very dreary stretch of sagebrush—we pulled into the stockyards in Rawlins to ship "our" cattle. It was a neighborhood roundup with some smaller outfits involved, and we worked for a couple of days cutting the cattle and another day loading them, while giving due attention at night to the bright lights of town. And when my cowboy pal stepped on board a moving caboose to see his charges to Omaha, I knew without thinking that I was witnessing the end of an era.

But eras don't end all at once, so I was back for several more roundups after that. And last year when I returned to Rawlins for a visit of six weeks, to gather material for a book on sheep dogs, I stayed to fall in love with a railroad town

This came naturally, because two members of my family have been railroad buffs, and the shelves in the attic are loaded with negatives, which will someday be blown up to fitting proportions, of Big Boys on Sherman Hill and Mallets in Bozeman Pass. By the second day I was hooked; I had never seen so many trains in all my life.

Nor heard them. Outdoors or in, in Rawlins you are always within earshot of the smooth rattle of the Union Pacific—forty trains a day running seventy and eighty miles an hour over the double track. That's a pretty steady answer to those who are a bit too hasty about kissing the railroads good-bye, including *Life*, which ran a nostalgic layout last summer with an editorial throatily captioned: "As the Iron Horse Heads for Pasture." It is true that today, of the giants humming over the main line at a rate of almost two every hour, only four are passenger trains. But you can put away that hanky, because the UP for one is making more money on freight than ever, and there is enough glamour in a mile-and-a-half-long freight train to satisfy the urchin in anybody. Even if it is powered by—O tempora, o mores!—by diesels.

The man who pilots this monster is, typically, substantial of build and verging on middle age, he is a grandee who calls the president of the road by his first name. He is likely to belong to the Old Timers' club, for which eligibility starts at twenty years' service. The road makes a big fuss over these clubs, whirling the national officers around on expense-paid trips to Sun Valley and such places, every division point has its clubhouse and, in Rawlins at least, its own small museum.

Some of the trains reach almost two miles, and the wonder is how so much weight and power can move so quietly. At my home in the East, the Southern Railway runs a spur line past the foot of the street for the purpose of carrying coal to the power plant; the trains stumble and grunt over the crossings and screech on the rails, and when they switch in the middle of the night the crash of cars sounds like a head-on collision. . . .

Rawlins, Wyoming, was sired by the railroad a hundred years ago last August, when General Jack Casement arrived with his trainload of brawny Irish laborers, his portable warehouse, which was taken down and put up again every time the railhead advanced, and the customary following of mobile thugs and gamblers and hussies. That's where the term "Hell on Wheels" entered the language. The year before the first train, in the summer of 1867, General Granville M. Dodge came through at the head of a surveying party, and about a mile from the present townsite they found a gift from heaven —a spring! One of the parched and perspiring officers with the command was General John A. Rawlins, and his remarks about the discovery are preserved on a bronze plaque on the station platform: "He said that it was the most gracious and acceptable of anything he had seen on the march, and said that if anything was ever named after him, he wanted it to be a spring of water." General Dodge promptly acceded to the graceful little hint, and that's how Rawlins was born.

Today there are some 420 employees of the railroad living there. Multiply this by a rough average of four, for the families; take the half a hundred retired men and their families, and it adds up to a railroad population of around eighteen hundred, or enough to make a sizable impact on a town of nine thousand people

And so the radio station does six broadcasts a day, sponsored by local merchants, of "crew schedules," with the times and numbers of trains going out and the names of the crews. Engineers and conductors and brakemen, in their dungarees and tall-crowned railroaders' caps, walk the block and a half from the station—known of course as the "deepo" in time-honored Americanese—to the Ferris Hotel coffee shop, where they take their meals elbow to elbow with Red Desert sheepmen, amid jibes about "featherbedding." The depot itself is a delectable red brick antique, its Victorian gingerbread picked out in white to a decorator's taste. It was built in 1901, replacing the original wooden model, and a picture in the county historical museum shows it looking just as it does today, minus some later additions that have scrupulously preserved the original style.

Inescapably, it's a railroad town. Says Bernie Mitchell, the lively blonde who runs the Jade Lodge where I stayed, "I'm a railroader too." During the second World War she was a telegrapher's clerk at Rock Springs when 110 trains a day

were passing through, troop trains and freights. Her job was to meet the trains and hand up the orders to the two engineers on the doubleheaders and the rear brakeman, passing them up on looped sticks which they would hook over their arms, scarcely slowing down. If you listen carefully in the station at Rock Springs, you can hear the wolf whistles from those troop trains echoing yet.

And when I went to send a telegram from the Western Union office, half a block from the station, the man behind the counter said unexpectedly, "I still miss the steam trains."

Who doesn't? I mean the Old Timers and that nationwide fraternity of rail fans to whom the Union Pacific's Big Boys were the greatest and most glorious locomotives ever built. In Rawlins they don't call them the Big Boys but the "Four Thousands," and when I asked, "Four thousand what?" I learned that it referred to the serial numbers. It seems strange to think that only twenty-four of them were ever built. The first one came out in 1939; less than two decades later they were all gone—the greatest and the last. If you want a place to go and have a good cry, try Cheyenne, where one of them is enshrined in the city park—a gift from the railroad, of course.

Lucius Beebe wrote in *The Age of Steam*, "With the exception of the almost illimitable grass of its grazing lands, the biggest single factor in the existence of Wyoming is the Union Pacific railroad." The Wyoming division extends from Cheyenne, in the southeast corner of the state, to Ogden, Utah, near Promontory Point, where they drove the Golden Spike. The Rawlins sector is, properly, a subdivision, running from Laramie to Green River. Just past its western end is the place where Jim Bridger built his fort. Near the eastern dividing line is Rock River station—formerly called Rock Creek—where, in the giddy days of the Beef Bonanza, English toffs and American millionaires descended from the train on the way to their Powder River ranches. In between, if you simply measure with a ruler across the foot of the map, disregarding the swooping curves of the railroad, lie 216 miles, or nearly two-thirds the width of the state. On an east-west line this is the very midriff of Wyoming, its blood and guts and bone. Everything happened here.

West of Rawlins for 150 miles stretches an awesome piece of geography called the Red Desert, which is famous for sagebrush, blizzards, and sheep. It is almost a blank on the map except for such inauspicious names as Bitter Creek and Alkali Flat and Lost Creek, and a few which the map omits, such as Bastard Butte. The Butte is said to have been christened by a sheepherder named Scotty McNair, and just who the original bastard was is not recalled, but my guess is that McNair named the butte for itself, after stumbling around it all night in a snowstorm looking for his camp.

Of the desert, sheepmen say: "It's too tough for a cow"—with a grin reminiscent of bygone hostilities. But sheep can quench their thirst in winter by eating snow instead of *baa*-ing for water, and they can browse on sagebrush and such unlikely stuff as greasewood, which has thorns an inch long.

Elsewhere the railroad brought settlers and commerce and industry, but in Wyoming the Union Pacific did all that and more, permeating the entire social fabric. For example, the first dwellings in the "Hell on Wheels" towns were constructed of crooked railroad ties discarded by the track builders. That was a hundred years ago. But last fall I went for a day's trip with a sheepman out on the desert, where nothing grows bigger than a clump of sage, and what do you suppose the sheepherders burn to keep warm? Why, old railroad ties, of course, chopped up into stove lengths and carted around in the old-fashioned green supply wagons.

If the Union Pacific sired Rawlins, it practically sponsored the Carbon County sheep industry, biggest in the state, which in turn is the second largest wool producer in the union. (There's always Texas.) It was the Casement brothers' Irish track-layers who started it, plus some Scandinavian "Yim Yohnsons" to sweeten the mixture. By the time the railroad was finished, sheep were being trailed in from the West Coast, and smart lads left and went to herding sheep, often for a relative or fellow countryman who had a head start and gave them a foot up the ladder by letting them work on shares. After the trains were running, the railroad still had an insatiable appetite for labor, so more lads kept coming from the old country, lured by letters from relatives telling of the promise in the new.

"The Irish were gandy dancers and the Swedes were tie hacks," said a grandson of Erin who lives in Rawlins today. The term "tie hack" is self-explanatory; a gandy dancer is a section hand, so named after a tool manufacturer in Chicago. How "dancer" got into it is not explained, but the name spread and is now universal on railroads in the West.

Rawlins saw its share of spectacular collisions during the free-wheeling railroad days of the nineteenth century, when highballing trains played fast and loose with the law of averages and too often lost—as in the undated, unidentified disaster above.

Whatever happened anywhere along the line happened bigger and better, or worse and more of it, in the vicinity of Rawlins. Blizzards, holdups, history. There was incessant trouble with Indians while the railroad was being built, but the government never got around to establishing a military post to protect the track layers until just a few weeks and miles before they reached Rawlins. The decaying remnants of Fort Fred Steele stand on the Vivion sheep ranch today.

Holdups. Another local conversation piece is the grim, gray-walled state penitentiary building, which, along with its predecessor, has harbored a long list of celebrated outlaws. The most notorious was "Big Nose" George Parrott, who undertook to rob a pay car by wrecking the train. It was saved by inches. But Big Nose George, incarcerated finally after a wild career, made a desperate escape attempt and died at the top of a telegraph pole almost within sight of the town. This was in 1881. Not quite twenty years later Kid Curry and his gang of desperadoes, alias the Wild Bunch, alias the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, startled the nation by getting away with a fifty-thousand-dollar train holdup near Rock River. "Getting away" is right—since only a minor member of the gang was ever caught and sentenced, though a couple of them died with their boots on.

Wrecks? They were intrinsic to the old go-to-hell days of railroading, when trains ran on matchwood trestles over chasms hundreds of feet deep, and the maintenance men "guessed" the trestle would hold up awhile longer. But for some reason railroad publicity men are not fond of discussing wrecks, even when they happened three-quarters of a century ago. All I know is that there are a couple of unidentified and undated photographs in the Rawlins museum, one of which shows a number of old-fashioned wooden passenger coaches strewn hair-raisingly over the landscape. I have no particulars.

But I saw a wreck once myself. It was a gorgeous affair, devised to order for the simpleminded rubberneck, because it made a spectacular mess and no one was hurt. I was paying a midwinter visit to the ranch near Independence Rock, and when we drove into Rawlins a couple of days later, they were still cleaning up. A coal train eastbound from Rock Springs had come to grief on the edge of town; evidently a hopper on one of the cars had opened and fallen to the track, tripping the car so it tipped over, carrying half the train with it. You never saw so much coal in your life. Bulldozers were working under floodlights to clear it away, but both eastbound and westbound tracks were still blocked. A single bypass track had been laid, and over this doubtful improvisation the great trains crawled at five miles an hour. A memory to last a lifetime was the sight of the headlights lined up, one behind another and another and another for two or three miles under the western stars as each train waited its turn to pass.

Blizzards. The one in 1949, biggest of the century, was really a series of blizzards, lasting with only minor letups for nearly seven weeks. It turned nine western states into a federal disaster area, and at one time fifty-four trains were stalled between Pocatello and Omaha. The Union Pacific's main line was blocked again and again, with locomotives often not only stalled but buried up to their smokestacks.

On top of everything else the blizzards of 1949 were a

stupendous practical joke on the part of the weatherman, at the expense of the long-suffering railroad. Many years earlier the road had eliminated a bad curve at Rock River by digging a cut. But there came a big blizzard in 1920, filling the cut to the brim. After the ensuing tie-up of the line, a series of snowsheds was built to protect the cut, each one of these tunnels of smoke-blackened timbers just long enough to hold an entire passenger train. More years went by with nothing out of the ordinary in the way of winter weather, and equipment being improved all the time. A new generation of officials in Omaha concluded that the old-fashioned Wyoming winter was a thing of the past, and they were tired of paying maintenance on those snowsheds. So they tore them down.

That was in 1948!

"Oh, we get a bad one every few years," old residents say nonchalantly in speaking of the blizzard of forty-nine. "Let's see, the last one was . . ." There are heavy snowstorms, long spells when the mercury never rises to zero, and the wind—good grief, the wind! It's in a book that one time in the eighties it blew a handcar off the track; today—any day—gusts rising to seventy miles an hour whip the sand-hard snow into clouds reducing visibility even to zero. This phenomenon is called a *ground blizzard.*

I myself experienced the merest little flurry of a Thanksgiving storm. There were only a few gusts of wind above forty miles an hour, and you could see the courthouse across the street. But the roads iced, and the hardened travelers who kept the motel filled to capacity every night would arrive with tales of cars going into the ditch right and left; and I would hear about it from Cliff, the night clerk, or next morning from Bernie in the lobby. A huge semi-trailer had jackknifed and crashed into a gas station, knocking over the pumps and smashing on into the café. No one was hurt, but it was time for a dude to be getting out.

My route ran through Casper, only 118 miles away, but the combination of wind and ice was something to think about, and so was the hill at Muddy Gap. In good weather you breeze up the notorious hill without even knowing it is there. But the old name of "Muddy" means springs; springs meant ice—and I had no desire to join the long list of victims who had had to be towed out of there by tractor.

So I left the Railroad Town of Rawlins and ran for Casper on a bright and beautiful day between storms, when the fluff of snow on the ground, with last summer's golden grass waving above it, gave back the light from the pale blue sky.

But the endless scudding of wind-driven snow over the road surface was still something to think about.

Helena Huntington Smith *is author of* The War on Powder River *(1966), a study of the Johnson County "invasion," which received the 1967 Buffalo Award of the New York Westerners. Her other work includes* We Pointed Them North *(1939 and 1955),* A Bridge Goes West *(1942), and numerous magazine articles.*

Railroad country: Table Rock station in about 1880, 63 miles west of Rawlins, 775 miles west of Omaha.

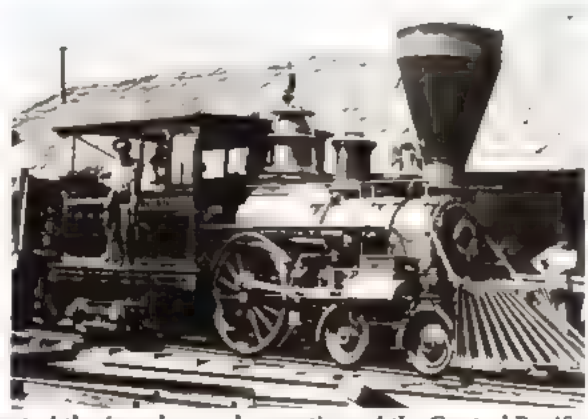
continued from page 12

outraged. "Shortsighted and narrow arguments were urged against the bill," he fumed on October 28, ". . . the language of boys rather than that of grown men."

If San Francisco interests were in fact responsible for the opposition, they made a serious mistake. They stayed at home. The visitors had invaded the battlefield in person. Thus they were able to contact an influential Nevadan, J. H. Todman, who wanted to build a shortline railroad from Virginia City to the California border and there connect with whatever system breached the Sierra. Huntington and company convinced Todman—no doubt he was duly impressed at being approached by the governor-elect of California—that the Central Pacific, whose representative was already bound for Washington, was the only company in existence capable of doing the job. No doubt they played up the wagon road, too. It would be a feeder for him well before the railway could cross the summit. Completely bemused, Todman undertook to concentrate his resources on the legislative committees concerned

The Californians next turned their attention to a franchise for the Dutch Flat and Donner Lake wagon highway. This proved easier. Everyone was winning toll-road franchises. "The ends of them," Twain wrote later, "were hanging over the boundary line everywhere like a fringe."

Assured that the railroad franchise would pass, the directors of the Central Pacific returned home without waiting for the formality of Governor Nye's signature. (He affixed it to the charter on November 25, 1861.) In Sacramento, the group capitalized the Dutch Flat and Donner Lake Wagon Road Company for $100,000 and on November 27, 1861, filed articles of incorporation with the California secretary of state. Huntington then prepared to join Judah in Washington for the final, decisive step toward realization of the dream of a railroad empire.



Most of the founders and executives of the Central Pacific had locomotives named after them. Above, the "C. P. Huntington" gives the company's financial genius immortality in iron and steam.

HUNTINGTON FOUND Judah discouraged. The engineer said that although his survey maps and his wife's Sierra paintings—both on display once more in an unused room of the capitol building—had attracted many visitors, nothing concrete had happened. So far, the House's Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad, the only group that could report a bill to the congressmen, had not even met. Congress was spending all its time listening to "ever-lasting buncombe . . . on the eternal colored man" and had no interest in railroad matters.

In spite of the indifference, Aaron Sargent prepared a long speech rehashing the same arguments that had been used over and over in favor of the railroad: the government would save upwards of seven million dollars a year in transporting troops, munitions, and mail; the western Indians would be quelled; emigration to the coast would be speeded; the intervening territories would be developed; trade with the Orient would jump; California's loyalty to the Union would be assured; foreign aggressors would be confounded; the nation's prestige would soar. In mid-January, 1862, he managed to secure the floor during a dull debate on an unrelated subject and with grim perseverance delivered his oration to, so Judah later reported to the *Union*, "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

The effort had its effect. The House added Sargent's name to the Select Committee. A week later the group held its first meeting of the session and after fierce intramural disputes appointed a three-man subcommittee to draft a new Pacific Railroad bill for submission to the House. Aaron A. Sargent was appointed chairman of the subcommittee. Its other two members were James A. Campbell of Pennsylvania and Richard Franchot of New York. An extraordinary piece of Huntington luck was at work there. Richard Franchot, a native of Otsego County, New York, had been a close friend during Collis's storekeeping days in Oneonta, New York. Later Franchot had moved to Schenectady and had become president of the little Albany & Susquehanna Railroad Company. A Republican, he was elected to Congress in 1861.

Judah was named clerk of Sargent's subcommittee. A bit later he was named secretary of the Senate's Pacific Railroad Committee, of which Senator McDougall of California was chairman. (More Huntington luck: a distant relative, coarse old Ben Wade of Ohio, was also a member of the Senate committee.) Undoubtedly Theodore Judah knew as much about the problems facing a transcontinental railway as anyone in the land. Undoubtedly the members of the depleted Congress, the southerners having departed, were overworked

and needed help in meeting the extra burdens imposed on them by the war. Undoubtedly Judah was industrious and dependable. Still, he did bring to his new jobs a certain amount of what today would be classed as "conflict of interests."

Lobbyists of many midwestern lines buzzed around the committeemen, hoping to have their roads named in either the House or Senate bills as the official feeders for the eastern end of the transcontinental railway. Most active of these contenders was the incredible Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western.

This paper railroad had been created in 1855 to run from Leavenworth, on the northeastern boundary of Kansas, westward a hundred miles to the vicinity of Fort Riley and from there to, vaguely, the summit of the Rockies. Save for a perfunctory survey to Fort Riley, it had done no work. Then in 1860 it had been captured by four Kansas promoters: Thomas Ewing, the mastermind of the group, A. J. Isaacs, James P. Stone, and James H. McDowell. They needed a railroad in order to implement a dazzling scheme.

Homeseekers pouring into eastern Kansas were annoyed at finding some of the area's best lands in the hands of the Delaware and Potawatomie Indians—the same Potawatomies that Charles Crocker as a teen-ager had helped herd out of Indiana to new homes in the West. The tribes were destined one way or another to lose some of those holdings. The contribution of Ewing and his cohorts was a brand-new method of euchering them. The Kansas promoters pushed through the U.S. Senate bills allowing their firm to buy several hundred thousand acres from the two tribes at a ridiculously low price. Their pious plan (and it was spelled out explicitly in the bills) was to sell the lands that they thus acquired to American emigrants at a high figure and use the profits for building a railroad—the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western—that would benefit all the white settlers of the region.

John Palmer Usher, a lawyer hired by the Indians, denounced the deal as a "gross, heartless fraud," but the Senate let it stand. Usher thereupon transferred his allegiance to the successful promoters. Shortly afterward he was named Lincoln's assistant secretary of the interior.

The bill did contain one joker. Before the promoters could obtain full title to the lands involved, they had to build a specified amount of railroad as evidence of good faith. They had no funds for doing this, but that was no worry. They could get money from the federal government by having the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western named in the Pacific railroad bill as a feeder for the transcontinental line. With this end in view, Ewing and company on January 6, 1862, appointed Henry Bennett to represent them in Washington. By no sheer coincidence Bennett was an intimate friend of John Palmer Usher, assistant secretary of the interior. The new lobbyist reached Washington shortly after Huntington did.

To lend persuasiveness to his arguments, Bennett carried with him sheaves of LP&W stock certificates, not entirely valueless since the stock could be converted into Kansas Indian land if the deals went through. At least four United States senators and four United States congressmen received gifts of this stock. Among the latter was seventy-year-old Thaddeus Stevens, one of the founders of the Republican party of Pennsylvania. Lame, harsh, sarcastic, and a brilliant parliamentarian, Stevens had used his position as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee to make himself the most powerful single individual in Congress. He was also a partner in a lucrative Pennsylvania iron works that manufactured, among other things, railroad rails.

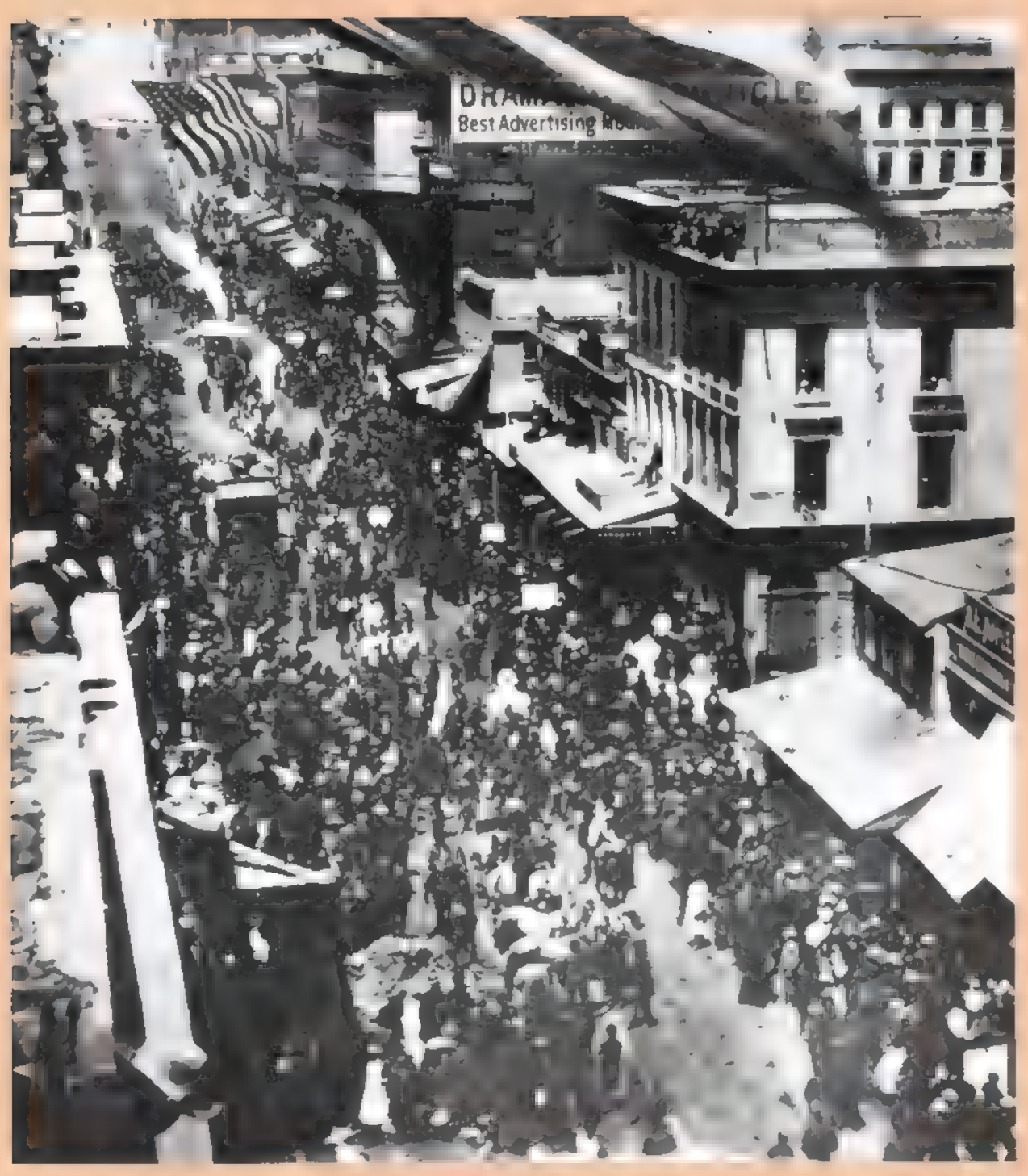
Another recipient of the stock Bennett scattered around was the clerk of the Pacific Railway Committee, Theodore Dehone Judah. He received 1,200 shares, worth $60,000 at face value—but considerably less on the market. The reason is obvious. The LP&W wanted the goodwill of the California delegation in Congress. Conversely, the Central Pacific hoped that the Kansas and Missouri delegations, over which Ewing's group exerted considerable influence, would look kindly on them when the name of the Central Pacific bobbed up in the railroad bill.

During those hectic weeks Judah himself disbursed Central Pacific stock for a nominal, but not actual, value of $66,000. In this case the names of the recipients are not known. No evidence survives to indicate that either Collis Huntington or Thomas Ewing ever personally touched a single share of the migrating certificates. Both of them were in Washington at the time, however, and it is a little difficult to believe that they were unaware of what Judah and Bennett were doing.

When the House and Senate committees reported bills to their respective bodies, the names of the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western and the Central Pacific appeared in clear black type as recipients of the lion's share of federal favor. Inevitably, there were going to be objections from other lines. In an effort, evidently, to soften these plaints, the bill also threw out sops in the form of land grants to (among the western railroads) the California Central, the California Northern, the Nevada Central—and also to Dame and Donahue's San Francisco & San Jose.

"Instead of conciliating the friends of different local interests," Judah wrote back to the Sacramento *Union*, the bill's shotgun generosity "set them all quarreling." The main resentment in the East centered on the fact that the bill would let the LP&W build through the heart of Kansas to a point of its own choosing on the 102nd meridian (the border between Kansas and Colorado). In effect this all but allowed the LP&W to designate the starting point for the transcontinental Union Pacific, a patriotic name already selected for the company which was to build from the 102nd parallel westward through the territories to a junction with the Nevada Central—i.e., with the Central Pacific. All of this suited St. Louis and Denver, but not New England and Chicago, whose interests, unappeased by the little branches allowed them, wanted a starting point farther north and nearer the Iowa roads they controlled.

The fierce attacks and counterattacks that swirled around



MAY 10, 1869

The joining of the rails at Promontory was news—big news—and it was handled accordingly with history's first nationwide telegraphic hookup. All lines were held open from New York to San Francisco for the first word from the telegrapher at Promontory, who signaled the driving of the last spike: DOT. DOT. DOT. DONE. *San Francisco, which had waited a generation for an end to her isolation, erupted with unmitigated glee. A noisy parade exploded down Montgomery Street, and at least one group of happy inebriates danced in the streets with a banner that proclaimed, "San Francisco Annexes the United States!" From the day in December, 1862, when the first spade of earth had been turned in Sacramento to that spring morning in the Utah desert, the Great Work of the Age had taken only seven years to complete.*

this first version of the bill led Justin Morrill of Vermont to comment sourly that capital was not interested in building the Union Pacific through uninhabited territories, but only in grabbing off the subsidies at either end. Anyway, he added, the nation could hardly afford both guns and railroads. Why not wait until after the war?

Recognizing that the bitter feuds created by the bill's excessive generosity were likely to kill the measure, its proponents began trimming the package—or, as Judah put it in his report to the Sacramento *Union:* ". . . some changes of detail were made, some sharp points rounded out." Among the potential recipients of the aid that were eliminated in the West were the California Central and the California Northern. Out went, in addition, the San Francisco & San Jose. To calm Dame, Donahue, and McLaughlin, Huntington offered them the bargain he had already determined on before leaving California: if they would accept the elimination without stirring up the opposition of California's Democratic senators, the Central Pacific would unobtrusively assign to them the right to build the 175-mile stretch from Sacramento south around the bay to San Francisco, along with whatever land grants and bond bounties went with that right. Realizing that they were in no position to fight back, the San Franciscans agreed.

To help keep things looking clean, the Nevada Central was ousted as a designated road. In fact, by the time all the sharp corners in the West had been rounded off, the only railroad remaining in the revised bill was the Central Pacific.

The LP&W, which had suffered the most acidulous attacks in Congress, allowed the starting point of the Union Pacific to be pulled northeast from the Colorado-Kansas border to a point on the 100th meridian in the Platte Valley of Nebraska, near today's Cozad—a major concession that Judah is said to have engineered. Where compromise could not be produced, the issue was sidestepped—anything to get the bill through. When, for example, the Missouri and Iowa contenders could not agree on the company that should build the central feeder branch nor on the point at which it should start, the legislators handed the disputed line over to the supposedly impartial (and still unformed) Union Pacific, and charged the President of the United States with the ticklish duty of selecting the starting spot.

As soon as the new bill had been hammered into shape, Huntington grew restless. A keen reader of men, he was confident that this leaner second version would pass, and he preferred not to listen to the tedious debates that would precede success. Judah and Bailey were capable of handling interim emergencies. Besides, time was wasting. He had let Hopkins assume the full burden of the hardware store long enough, and he wanted to get on with the essential wagon road the moment he heard that the railroad bill had passed. He returned to California, where regular reports from Judah and Bailey kept him informed of progress in Washington.

The reports were generally favorable. The House would probably pass the railroad bill in spite of Justin Morrill of Vermont, who regularly complained that here was a work involving scores of millions of dollars "and yet amendments are offered and voted in, according to the will of the gentlemen having charge of the measure, without the slightest apparent interest or attention upon the part of the majority of the House." The country as a whole favored the measure, however, and with that support behind them, congressmen from California, Kansas, Iowa, and Pennsylvania (an iron-producing state) on May 7 won House approval of the bill. As soon as the Senate concurred, work on the grandest construction project yet undertaken within the United States could begin—in the midst of a ferocious war.

The first step for the Central Pacific would be, as we have seen, the building of the Dutch Flat toll road, both for the sake of its revenues and, eventually, for speeding materials to workers in the mountains. Throughout the spring the partners worked hard at raising the necessary cash. As soon as snow had melted from the pine-clad slopes, Huntington picked up a new engineer, Samuel S. Montague, and with him hurried into the moist foothills. There, without fanfare, they set into motion the precursor of the Pacific Railroad. By June 4, Collis was back in Sacramento.

Slowly the news they needed drifted in. The Senate passed an amended version of the House railroad bill. The House accepted the Senate's changes, and at 9:30 P.M. on July 3, a climactic telegram arrived from A. A. Sargent. "The President has signed the Railroad Bill. Let California rejoice."

Torchlight parades snaked through the streets of both San Francisco and Sacramento. But what the specifics of the bill were no one knew until a copy arrived by mail from Sargent early in August.

The men at 54 K Street read it avidly. The first part was largely irrelevant to them: detailed instructions concerning the appointment of 163 incorporating commissioners responsible for electing officers and selling enough stock (par value $1,000 a share) and for launching the Union Pacific Railroad Company on its way from the 100th meridian in the Platte Valley of Nebraska west toward California. This same Union Pacific Company was also charged with building two branches from the Missouri River to the 100th meridian, a northern one from Sioux City, Iowa, and a central one from somewhere near Council Bluffs, the exact site to be determined by President Lincoln. The southern branch was to be built by the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western in conjunction with various Kansas and Missouri lines.

In the West the only designated feeder was the Central Pacific.

The Central Pacific, the Union Pacific, and the branch lines were given identical bounties. These included rights-of-way, permission to use stone and timber on the public domain free of charge, and for each mile of track built, 6,400 acres (ten sections) of government land in alternate square-mile sections checkerboarded throughout ten-mile strips on either

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A Pictorial Essay
BY GENE CHRISTMAN

FENCES

Years ago, while a graduate student in geography, I wandered the rural parts of Northern California with a notebook and camera, attempting to document the way in which man has altered the patterns of growth in the native vegetation. At the same time, I began to realize that fences are very much a part of the western landscape—probably one of man's most gentle annotations on the land. I saw a graceful diversity of style and materials that seemed to me to represent a kind of minor art form, and through the lenses of my Nikon began to "collect" fences. We already have lost much of our natural landscape, and we'll be even poorer when such rustic additions to it have been replaced, as they surely must, by the undeniably stronger, but infinitely less charming, mail-order fences. Perhaps the photographs that follow will at least preserve their memory as a bit of the western past not fully appreciated.

When man first settled on the land, he immediately wanted to define his territory, give it bounds and extensions that would provide a visible outline of what he owned and what he was—to enclose and exclude. To do this, he traditionally utilized materials that the land itself provided; and once one gets beyond the cyclone-fenced freeways and into the open land, the rural vistas are lined by a history of local resources, fences that reflect the personality of the landscape. Unfortunately, the days are long gone when local resources were used for fencing. Today, barbed wire with wooden (or worse, red angle-iron) posts is the lowest common denominator—ubiquitous, monotonous, and economical. And like all common denominators, it lacks the character of its creator.

Cactus, Stones, and Granite

The indigenous fences intimately reflect not only the most economical regional resources available, but a variety of cultural heritages. The Spanish and Mexicans, for example, used cactus and adobe to cloister yards and gardens.

The opulence of the foothills and alluvial fans of valleys provided the material for rock fences, piled loosely around the land from which the stones had come. The granite post seen here was another matter. When the Central Pacific Railroad began to blast its way through the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, farmers and cattlemen exchanged oak to fuel the wood-burning locomotives for chunks of granite fashioned into durable posts.

Even while seeming a part of it, fences rarely follow the natural plan or rhythm of the land; their purpose is to divide and section, and they extend arbitrarily over hills, across gullies and arroyos, and through meadows with a rhythm of their own. Fence rows have their own flora and fauna, too, as every hunter knows. From the fence line to the road lies a unique habitat—a refuge for the rare native or common weed.

Fences such as these, whether for enclosure or exclosure (oyster fences are strictly for exclosure; sting rays eat oysters!), are as much a part of the heritage of the West as any other artifact; not only do they ornament the land, they provide a kind of illumination of the meaning of that land to the men who cleared it, cultivated it, and loved it.

Gene Christman, free-lance photographer and writer, is staff artist for the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at the University of California, Berkeley. In addition to his academic background as a zoologist, he has specialized in historical geography.

Charles, Thou Art a Rare Blade

Part two of a reminiscence of Charles M. Russell—continued from the March 1969 issue of The American West.

BY WILLIAM ELLSBERG

SOMETHING THAT BUGS the hell out of me is to hear some self-styled art critic say that Charlie Russell (although he was a great painter, and some say a greater sculptor, a writer of successful books and the kind of poetry his contemporaries loved) lacked versatility. Also that he couldn't draw the female figure.

Actually, not only did Charlie Russell paint the dynamic horses, buffalo, wolves, cowboys, Indians, and western characters for which he is most famous, but also many animals such as elephants, camels, and lions. He did pictures of knights in armor for his nephew, cherubs, flowers, wood nymphs, and a few landscapes. Sid Willis at The Mint saloon even had some pottery gin bottles Russell had painted flowers on.

And those modern artists who combine diverse materials in making sculptures are years behind Russell. He liked to make small figures and scenes using all kinds of materials, like the top of a tin can for a shield, nutshells for shoes, or what tickled me most, a little wax buffalo with some kind of claws —bear claws, I think—for the curving horns. He made things out of wood and wax and cloth. Although he loved to paint, occasionally it was tedious work, but those little figures were pure fun.

Sometimes he would make a wax animal that didn't suit him. Then he'd mash the wax into a ball again and in a few minutes it would have become another animal entirely. He was famous for his singular ability to put a ball of wax into his pocket and fashion it into an animal without ever looking at it. Nobody ever figured out how he did it. He had some little scraps of bright-colored cloth in a box—I suppose he got them from his wife—that he would use for a saddle blanket on a little horse, or for the blanket on an Indian.

And as for the female figure, it may be true that there aren't many examples around. But he was perfectly capable of drawing this, too—I know.

One day I confessed to him that I felt the need of a little female companionship, and I guessed I would go see what the town had to offer. Charlie looked at me for a minute, and then he put on his hat and said, "You come with me. You go wanderin' around down there by yourself, you're apt to go someplace you'll get more than you bargained for."

He grinned at me as he stumped along beside me in his high-heeled boots, but it was just an understanding kind of grin—none of the winking, jab-in-the-ribs-with-the-elbow stuff a kid in my frame of mind was apt to get from older guys. Russell accepted the facts of life as they were, and he was just looking out for a friend.

We entered a large house in Great Falls' red-light district. The madame, who reminded me of an enameled figurine with her sleek black hair and satin dress, greeted Charlie Russell like a long-lost friend.

"I heard you was back in Great Falls, Kate," Charlie said. "This is Bill, a pal of mine, and I know he's long overdue for some action. Bring on your gals. I'll pay the tab. The kid's only eighteen, so he's full of vinegar."

"Charlie, you louse," the madame chuckled, "it's been a lot of years since you were my best paying customer. You're just the kind that wouldn't cheat, once you got married. But I been waiting all these years to see you to hold you to a promise. You promised to paint my picture nude, once. Remember?"

"I musta been drunk."

"You were."

"Well now, Kate, let's forget it," Russell grinned. "Nudes ain't my line. I paint cowboys and Indians and critters."

"Don't give me that," she retorted. "You paint all those pink-assed cherubs for the little kids for Christmas. A nude's a nude, and a promise is a promise."

"Strip," Cowboy Russell directed, while I stood there goggle-eyed.

She didn't have to be told twice. Ignoring me completely,

she disrobed as if she were afraid he would change his mind. She said, "I'd like it better if you made me look like I did twenty years ago." She was still a mighty handsome woman. She really must have been a beauty twenty years before.

"On that couch and relax," Russell commanded. He whipped out a pad and pencil from his pocket and sketched that naked body furiously. Then he stopped and put paper and pencil in his pocket. "This," he said, "will be you twenty years ago. You'll have it in oil by the end of the week. Now take care of my boy here."

And the madame, swiftly back into her satin gown, called in her girls. I'd been so intrigued by this little episode that I'd almost forgotten why I came

I never saw the finished painting. When I mentioned it once, he changed the subject, and something about his manner told me I better forget it. But I know from that sketch that he was no slouch at female figures. His knowledge of anatomy wasn't limited to horses and buffalo.

The year before, in 1914, Cowboy Russell had had a very successful exhibition of his paintings in the Dore Galleries in London. It was his first trip abroad. He liked to talk about the trip for he genuinely liked England and the English. They, in turn, were enthusiastic about both him and his work, and bought many of his pictures.

"They're great people, the English," he'd say. "They got respect for the old ways over there—not like here where most folks want to change everything that made this country great. Of course, it takes a while to get used to their lingo."

Then we got to talking about all the different accents there were on the British Isles—the Scotch, the Irish, the Cockneys, and so on.

"Wonder how they speak in Wales," I said. "I never heard a Welshman talk that I know of."

"Well, I can tell you about that," Russell smiled. "Back in Missouri, where I lived as a kid, there were a lot of Welsh people. One of them said to me once, 'Charles, thou art a rare blade.' They're great singers, too, them Welshmen."

This was the only time he ever mentioned his childhood to me, but his life story has almost become a legend now. He was born, Charles Marion Russell in 1864, the son of a well-to-do St. Louis family, but spurned the prosperous future laid out for him. From earliest childhood he was obsessed by two things—a love of the West and a desire to draw and carve; he drew on practically every flat surface available, including the front steps, and turned many a potato and bar of soap into a cowboy or Indian. He hated school. When he was sixteen, his parents, in desperation, let him go to Montana with a family friend, Pike Miller, thinking the trip would cure his western fever. Miller, unfortunately, was a sheep and not a cattle rancher; so when Charlie kept losing sheep, they parted company with Miller branding him "that no account Kid Russell." He lived with hunter and trapper Jake Hoover, later becoming a night herder and wrangler where he "rode with the wild ones" for eleven years; but always he kept drawing and painting—often trading his pictures for a few drinks. After his marriage, success finally caught up with him; he became wealthy and famous, but never forgot his love of the Old West or his old friends.

"You went to Paris, too, didn't you?" I asked him.

"Yes, we did. But we didn't stay long. I was homesick for Montana and couldn't wait to get home. What are you grinning about?"

"Well," I chuckled, "if you want to know, your friend Bill Rance showed me those flossy letterheads from your hotel in Paris you sent him all pasted together in long strips with watercolor paintings of what you were doing there—sidewalk-cafe scenes, riverboat trips, and all kinds of things. And then he showed me the one where you were on a bed and a French whore, with nothing on but black silk stockings and red garters, was tugging at your boots."

He aimed his index finger at me, "Now, Bill," he advised, "they always told me when in Rome, do as the Romans do." Then as he began to roll a cigarette, he said grimly, "Wait till I see that sonofabitch, Bill Rance. I thought he burned those pictures from Paris long ago, like he promised he would."

Most of Russell's paintings are signed C M R or C M RUSSELL, with a little buffalo skull beside the signature. One day as I watched him finish a painting and sign it, I remarked,

Rumor had it that Charlie Russell was inept at drawing the female figure. The reader can form his own opinion from the evidence offered below.

"I sure like that buffalo skull you use as your trademark. It just fits, somehow."

"Yes," he said, "it's kind of a symbol of the Old West that's dyin', just like the buffalo did. You know, the first one of them skulls I ever saw was on my first trip to Montana. It was when the stagecoach stopped once, and there it was lyin' beside a clump of bunchgrass. I can see it plain as yesterday."

I've heard it said that some lady suggested the buffalo skull to him for his signature, but I always figured he'd had it in his head since that first trip. He had such a remarkable memory that he could remember details of scenes he'd seen years before and paint them perfectly. I don't think anybody had to suggest that buffalo skull to him.

Charlie Russell's repertoire of stories was endless. Everybody wanted to hear him tell them, and some of them have been repeated so often they've practically become classics. One I remember especially.

"When the heavy snows came on," he said, taking a puff on his Bull Durham cigarette, "there was mighty little me or anybody else could earn on the range, so we'd head for the nearest town and hole up until the spring thaws. This one winter, I'd made it through the cold and was waitin' around, flat broke, for the roundups to start. One day when I went down to the saloon, hopin' somebody might be there who'd buy me a drink, an eastern big-shot salesman was there throwin' his money around. When he saw me, he called me over.

" 'Mr. Russell,' he says real polite, 'they told me around here you are very handy with the paintbrushes. I want you to paint me two pictures, but I want them done so I can take them home with me. Can you do it?'

"I said 'Yes' so fast I almost choked.

"Then he says, 'When?'

" 'Right now' I says, and tore back to the cabin Bill Rance and I had, and I painted two westerns of Indians and cowboys faster than I ever done any pictures before. They was barely dry when I delivered them to that feller. I was afraid his money might be gone, or *he* might be gone, but he was still there, belly up to the bar. He took the pictures and studied 'em. My heart's a-thumpin' for fear he won't like 'em, and I sure needed that dough. Finally he says, 'Excellent. How much do I owe you, Sir?' I took a big gulp and says, 'Fifty dollars,' figurin' I could always come down to ten. 'Thank you,' he says and peels a hundred dollars off a roll of bills that would choke a steer. He thought I meant fifty *apiece*! I looked at that hundred dollars and couldn't believe it. I bought a round of drinks and got the hell out of there before he could change his mind. I always felt kind of guilty about that hundred. Wow! I was on the lucky train that day."

And the funny thing was that he meant it sincerely, although at the time of his telling me the story, his paintings were already selling for four or five figures.

The prices of his pictures never interested him much. I think if Mrs. Russell hadn't pushed him so hard, he'd have gone all his life giving pictures away to friends who liked them.

I saw Mrs. Russell just once. She came into the studio for something one evening when I was there. Charlie introduced us and she was real friendly to me. She was a pretty woman, and I could tell by the way she and Charlie acted that they were fond of each other. When she left, Charlie said, "She's a great little pardner."

I was real taken with her, but I sure got knocked back on my heels the next time I was at The Mint, when I remarked that Mrs. Russell was sure a nice woman.

You'd have thought I stirred up a hornet's nest. An old-timer standing at the bar slammed down his glass and exploded, "Nice! That money-grabbin' female? She'd sell her soul and Charlie's, too, for a twenty-dollar bill."

"Now don't be too hard on the little woman," spoke up another, "make it a fifty-dollar bill."

Then a couple more joined in. They talked about how greedy and stuck up she was; and how she was a slave-driver

Just a little sunshine . . . ***. . . Just a little rain.*** ***Just a little pleasure . . .*** ***. . . Just a little pain.***

forcing Charlie to paint all the time just so she could get more money, when Charlie didn't give a hoot about making any more; and how she toadied to all the rich people just to sell paintings—you'd have thought she was a real witch.

Finally the bartender said, "Aw, you guys are just sore because you miss out on a lot of free drinks because she makes ol' Charlie stick to his painting. Hell, Charlie never got anyplace until he married her."

From the way he was grinning, I think he was just stirring up the argument. I guess they were both right, because everybody seemed to agree that while she started Charlie on the road to fame, she had grown much too fond of success and money.

Anyway, I could tell she was mighty fond of "Chaz," as she called him, and if he would volunteer the information that she was a great little partner, she couldn't have been so bad. She was always a nice woman in my book. Pretty, too.

In the short days of late November, I walked past his studio early one evening, and seeing a light, decided to stop and say hello. When I opened the door, I got a real shock. There stood Charlie resplendent in a tuxedo. He had on highly polished cowboy boots and a Stetson hat, and around his waist was the inevitable "half-breed" sash, but this one was of elegant, scarlet satin. In his hand he held a small package, obviously a gift he was taking to someone.

He grinned as he saw my astonished look, and said,

"Never saw me in my war paint, did you, Kid? We're goin' to some fancy shindig tonight, and Nancy makes me wear this get-up."

We went outside together. He went to his house next door, and I went on down the street with the snow squeaking under my boots in the sub-zero cold.

As I walked, I thought about Cowboy Russell standing there in evening clothes. What surprised me was not so much seeing him dressed formally when I was used to his careless everyday garb, but the way he wore these clothes. Here was no ordinary cowboy, uncomfortable and embarrassed in unfamiliar "get-up." He wore his evening clothes with distinction and the same ease as he wore his everyday outfit. He would undoubtedly go to this banquet of big shots and be the hit of the party, the same as he was with his cronies at The Mint saloon.

It occurred to me that rough western clothes and ungrammatical English could never hide the fact that Charlie Russell was born a gentleman. He may have rejected his refined home and family, refused to absorb the polish of the military academy he attended for a short time, and come West to "ride with the wild ones" and be notoriously careless of his appearance; still this early training had rubbed off, for he had an air about him and a rough-hewn dignity that reflected his good breeding. You felt it when you first met him; and the longer you knew him, the more obvious it became that he was a great and kind human being, completely free of vanity or

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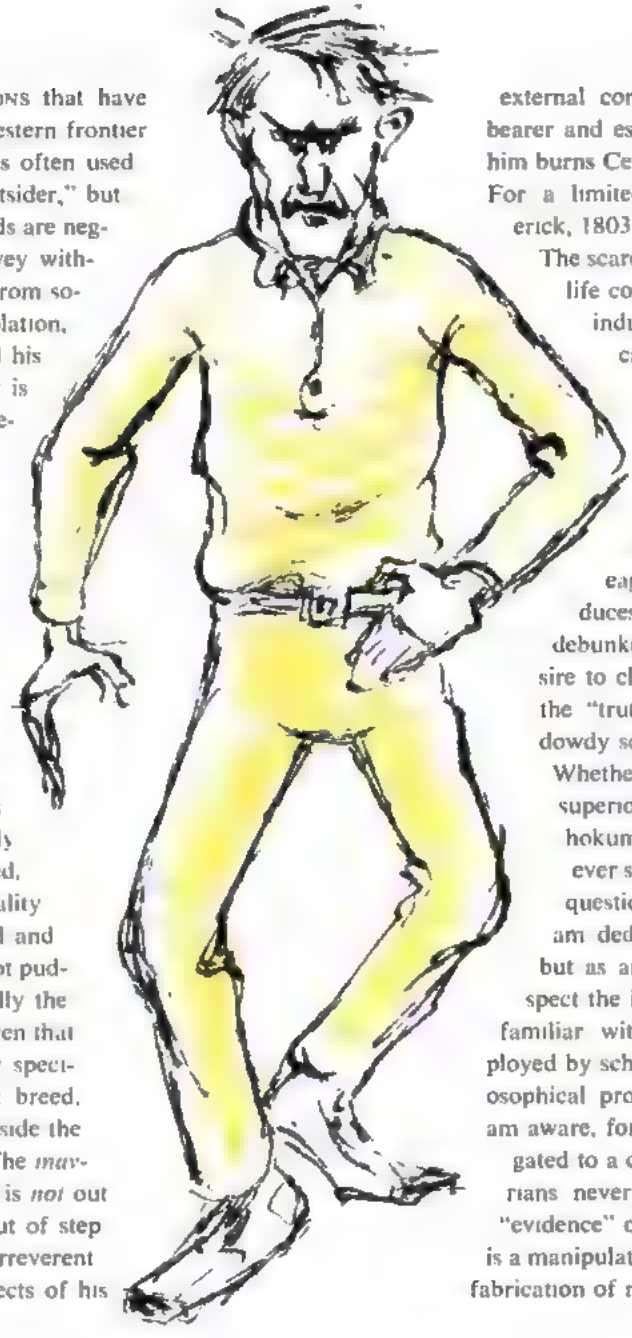
THE MAVERICK

Reflections on Fact, Fiction, Fantasy, and the Ideology of the Free Man

BY OWEN ULPH



AMONG NUMEROUS EXPRESSIONS that have derived luster from the western frontier is the term *maverick*. It is often used as a synonym for "loner" or "outsider," but while these contemporaneous words are negative in the sense that they convey withdrawal, secession, and exclusion from society, the *maverick*, despite his isolation, is very much *with* the world, and his values are positive. The *maverick* is not a psychoneurotic recluse, a reject from the civilized community, but an independent spirit who avoids becoming bogged to the saddle-skirts in the conventional mire of The Establishment, a proud renegade who assumes Promethean stature and lives by a dynamic code of honor in disregard and contempt of atrophied institutional morality. The *maverick* is the rebel against the gods of the multitude. Milton's defiant Satan—glorious especially in defeat—a creative, integrated, compulsively self-reliant personality type with which the West, factual and fictional, was as riddled as buckshot pudding. Jack Slade, Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Ross McEwen, Shane, and even that ultra-modern Hud are but a few specimens of this ornery, recalcitrant breed. Whether he operates inside or outside the law is of secondary importance. The *maverick* is the *natural aristocrat*. He is *not* out of step with society. Society is out of step with him. Despite the frequent irreverent and apparently reprehensible aspects of his external conduct, the *maverick* is the seed-bearer and essential core of civilization. Inside him burns Celestial Fire.

For a limited time, Samuel Augustus Maverick, 1803–1870, acquired such a reputation. The scarcity of authentic supermen in daily life compels us to create them, either by indulging pure fantasy or, as was the case in the transmogrification of Sam Maverick, by embellishing some meager fragment of reality. But while the world produces a willing supply of poetic liars, stimulated by visions of sacred and profane gallantry and eager to undertake the task, it produces an equal number of industrious debunkers avid in their acrimonious desire to clip the eagle's wings and to depict the "truth" in its consoling, earthbound, dowdy sobriety.

Whether Art is superior to Life or Life superior to Art; whether Art ceases when hokum takes over; and whether hokum ever serves a useful purpose, are baffling questions. As a professional historian, I am dedicated to the ascertainable facts, but as an imaginative human being, I respect the inspirational power of myth. I am familiar with the sophisticated clichés employed by scholastic minds for elucidating philosophical problems without resolving them. I am aware, for example, that myths can be relegated to a certain category of fact; that historians never deal with facts, but only with "evidence" of facts, and consequently, history is a manipulation of evidence and, therefore, the fabrication of myth; that myth is an *extension* of

fact: that Art, which incorporates myth, is actually an aspect of life and either distorts reality (another slippery word) to the detriment of "literal truth," or enhances it in the interests of a higher "creative truth"; and, finally, that these issues should be outlawed as "non-operationally significant"—in other words, meaningless—because conclusions drawn from the discussion of them are not referable to any system of "scientific" verification.

These remarks are designed to scare off metaphysical coyotes whose logical stipulations, circumlocutions, linguistic refinements, and general fringe-snapping would prevent us from getting the herd on the trail. This article is not concerned with putting an iron on Truth, Reality, Art, Life, and all their corollary ambiguities. It is concerned only with shedding light on a zone of ethical friction and paradox underlying a deceptively innocent metamorphosis in the meaning of a word. The western frontier has been a popular battleground for impetuous champions of fiction and tenacious defenders of fact. The mutations of the term *maverick* and its ultimate extravagant transfiguration into the concept of "The Maverick" is only one instance in which skirmishes between romantics and realists mask a basic conflict between the material and the ethical values of a society.

Sam Maverick's legend took root, and its pollen spread like ragweed. Around the campfires of the open range he became a cattle-titan whose glories were elaborated by loose-lipped cowhands with neither access to, nor interest in, the humble facts. From an enterprising stockman, he was exhalted into an intrepid rogue, favored by Fate, possessed of demonic genius, and shrewdly inspired to record a slick-ear and a brandless brand, thereby laying claim to all critters roaming the great western ranges that had managed to elude roundup crews of the West's multifarious outfits, great or small. Compared to the crimpy shenanigans of the tin-bellied rascals who hung around the courthouses recording in their own names brands that uninitiated newcomers, through ignorance, had neglected to record for themselves, Maverick was an audacious giant. Rivaling Tchichikov, Gogol's picaresque scoundrel who made a fortune roping "Dead Souls," Maverick needed only to send his "reps" to the roundups of the major spreads, allow them to slouch in their saddles until all branded stock had been cut out, and instruct them to drive off with the remainder. A herd of such magnitude required commensurate property, which was easily conjured into existence by those who kept a loose cinch on their spirited jaws. Sam Maverick became the most stupendous landholder on the continent. He could cross the Republic of Texas without setting foot off his own land

Such preposterousity could not pass unchallenged forever. In 1885, Charlie Siringo's *Autobiography* contemptuously brushed off Sam Maverick as a "chicken-hearted old rooster who wouldn't brand or earmark any of his cattle." But extravagant yarns persisted, and in 1889 George M. Maverick, the morally indignant son of the now notoriously renowned cattle baron, found it necessary for the repose of his own pious soul to refute "an erroneous, not to say atrocious, account" of his father's activities that had appeared in the St. Louis *Republic*. Not only was Sam Maverick innocent of the bucolic extravaganzas attributed to him, he was not even a cattleman! He was a graduate of Yale—thoroughly respectable insofar as a Texas attorney, businessman, and land speculator could be considered such—and a patriotic citizen whose public-spirited signature graced the Texas Declaration of Independence. In 1845 Sam Maverick had inadvertently acquired four hundred head of nondescript cattle in payment of an apparently otherwise uncollectable $1,200 debt. Not knowing how to dispose profitably of animals apparently worth less than their hides, he turned them over for management to his "free" slave, later to achieve anonymous recognition in Durham and Jones's *Negro Cowboy* as one of the first black cowhands—though a slothful and inefficient one.

Maverick's black servant was no more a cowhand than his master was a cowman, and the cattle were abandoned to graze for themselves, unmolested by knife or iron. So astute a cat-

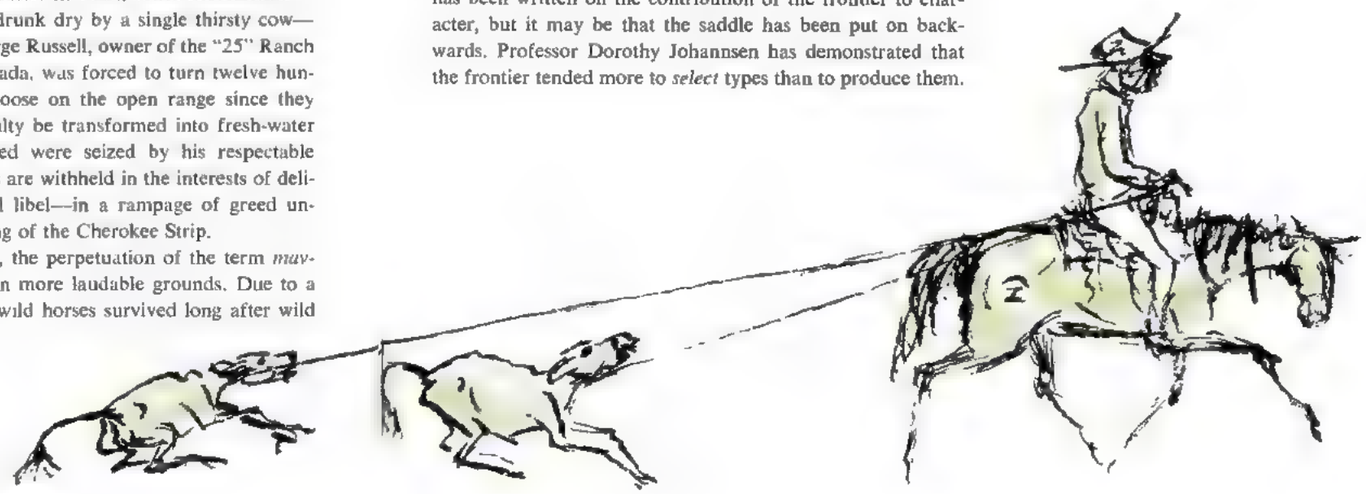
tleman was Sam Maverick that eleven years later, in 1856, he wrote a bill of sale for an identical four hundred head to the brother of General Beauregard for $2,400, believing himself to have made a handsome profit. Assuming that after eleven years most of the original branded cows would have drifted into the pastures of heaven, before having done so they would have left ample progeny to multiply. With even a modest rate of increase (many of his "steers" having matured into mustang bulls), Sam Maverick should have possessed a herd of over fifty thousand head. If any party to the transaction can be considered demonically inspired, it was not honest Sam Maverick but A. Toutant Beauregard, who purchased the prolific unbranded herd and, presumably, squeezed the limit from his bargain. Thus the most stupefying part of the maverick legend disappears down a badger hole.

INSTEAD OF BEING THE NAPOLEON of the range-cattle industry, Sam Maverick was a pedestrian Texas bourgeois who, in the words of the Lone Star historian, John Henry Brown, was "a true and good man" who never grasped the stock of other people, but "allowed other people to appropriate his own young cattle till his herd ceased to be." But the glamour of the term did not perish with the glamour of the man. The unbranded critter rather than the well-branded owner slowly emerged as the symbol of rugged independence —that virtue so extolled by hard-core westerners. Within a decade after Maverick's sale of his unbranded stock, the term *maverick* had spread throughout the West as the name for unmarked animals that, ostensibly, were without owners and could lawfully be seized by anyone. The rapidity with which the term was exploited was due to the great number of wild cattle running loose in the brush and on the plains in the sixties and seventies. Others besides Maverick frequently neglected to brand calves; and cattle, like horses, flourished in an environment that supported vast herds of unbranded bison. When the railroads came and a sufficiently accessible and lucrative market appeared to encourage their profitable extermination, the maverick disappeared simultaneously with the bison. By 1884 associations of stockmen were attempting to outlaw "mavericking," which had become indistinguishable from rustling. Authentic wild cattle were extinct. Even without a brand most calves could be identified. They followed branded mothers, grazed on a home range, or shared the range with the stock of legitimate operators who could always divide the unbranded animals fairly during the common roundups. Little difficulty would be encountered in locating a critter's legal owner if one were inclined to do so. "Maverickers," in order to remain in business, were compelled to create mavericks artificially by increasingly complicated methods such as slitting the tongues of calves so they could not suck, or rasping their feet so they could not follow, or slaughtering the mothers and trying to hide the hides. "Mavericking," as happens to varied forms of crime under capitalism, became such hard work that it either vanished or became incorporated into the marginal operations of legitimate producers. Its decline was not due to a rise in the standard of frontier morality.

Despite the almost total extinction of genuine mavericks, the term was too good to lose. It continued to persist on a "practical" level and began to gain ground in its symbolic sense. Cowmen, their iron reputations to the contrary, are tainted with larceny and hypocrisy, tempered to some degree by a twist of irreverent wit. To appropriate another man's stock can still be done with the pretense of a clean conscience if the appropriator can speciously apply the euphemism *maverick* to the stolen critter. In 1942, when Reese River—which can normally be drunk dry by a single thirsty cow—reached flood stage, George Russell, owner of the "25" Ranch in Battle Mountain, Nevada, was forced to turn twelve hundred unbranded calves loose on the open range since they could not without difficulty be transformed into fresh-water seals. All twelve hundred were seized by his respectable neighbors—whose names are withheld in the interests of delicacy, taste, and criminal libel—in a rampage of greed unequalled since the opening of the Cherokee Strip.

On the symbolic level, the perpetuation of the term *maverick* can be defended on more laudable grounds. Due to a combination of factors, wild horses survived long after wild cattle had vanished from the range. Horses were fleeter of foot and less in demand for food. Ultimately, the mustang's day, too, came to an end. One might have expected the term *mustang* rather than *maverick* to come to be applied to the independent, irrepressible individualist. The horse has always been a more majestic symbol of freedom than the platter-destined cow. It is difficult to account convincingly for all the irrational viscissitudes of language. Mustangs, however, tend to travel in bands, while the last of the mavericks became rare and isolated critters that managed to evade branding fires, corrals, chutes, and shipping-pens and survive on what was left of the open range by exceptional ingenuity and hardihood. As the size of the old outfits diminished and fences criss-crossed the land, the existence of this type of maverick was close to miraculous. When encountered, he proved to be a rough, tough, wily specimen of incredible cunning, stamina, and courage. In 1954 a cowhand by the name of Clarence Genevo put his rope on one that had been loose in the Toyabes for four years. We called the mammoth maverick Hercules. Clarence deserved the name, too. Mustangs are caught to be broken. There is nothing you can do with a mature maverick but kill him or let him go his way. Buyers don't want him because he can't even be shipped without wrecking the cattle truck—if one were lucky enough to get him up the chute and loaded. Thus the uncontained, solitary iconoclast, resisting confinement and subordination to the degrading pressures of society's "slave morality," became known as a *maverick* and not a *mustang*.

WHAT EMERGES FROM THE ABOVE is a curious interplay between creative human values, the environment which the energetic practitioners of those values make possible, and the counterattack of the resulting "established" environment on the initially creative values. Much has been written on the contribution of the frontier to character, but it may be that the saddle has been put on backwards. Professor Dorothy Johannsen has demonstrated that the frontier tended more to *select* types than to produce them. The original frontier, like war and revolution, was, as civilization goes, in the nature of a social emergency. It required men of daring, decision, and endurance to cope with the challenges of frontier existence. Flushing full-grown, undomesticated longhorns from the thornbush was only one of the activities that demanded brutal nerve, indifference to discomfort, hardship, pain, and even death. Men of the caliber of the great "mavericker" Shanghai Pierce, who built fortunes by unscrupulous vigor, were rarely docile when confronted by the drab, effete, monotonous restrictions of civil society. Wealth and age sobered some of them as grain and fenced pasture quiets the outlaw horse. Even Pierce became sufficiently tamed to adjust to a relatively conventional life. As for most of these men, they vanished like the mavericks they resembled, and organized society was quick to repudiate the code by which these dynamic argonauts of the plains had established their ascendancy. George M. Maverick's account of the true character of his father, together with the testimony of John Henry Brown, form a segment of civilization's conspiracy to destroy the ideology of the creative individualist. In reclaiming Sam Maverick from the fraternity of the Inspired Damned and reinstating him with the frock-coated babbitts of San Antonio's *Main Street,* in describing him as a man who "lived a life full of trusts and business . . . who died in the midst of his family," they render a service to fact and pay homage to decency, but they undermine a passionate legend. If I were Sam Maverick, fidgeting in my unquiet grave, I might prefer my myth to the truth. But Sam Maverick had elected to live under fence. Unless the kingdom beyond permits us to indulge sentiments that appear impermissible in this world, old Sam would probably have approved the efforts of his son to redeem his respectability and put in a plug for the virtues of the collar-and-hames cavvy.



THIS BRINGS US to the cream of civilization's jest. Settled in debilitating, easy-payment-plan comfort, the remnants of their shrunken minds transfixed by a square foot of jittering glass, the pitiable, spineless, sniveling, sycophantic slaves of the Gorgon-headed Establishment revel in the antics of saddle tramps who are never gainfully employed, bonanza-ing rancheros whose fancy spreads miraculously operate themselves, and marshals who would be millionaires if paid by the corpse. Spellbound audiences thrill to the chivalry of noble mavericks who, single-handed or with the gamy assistance of a few loyal vassals, decide to empty a crooked gambling saloon, clean up a sin-infested town, rid the territory of sadistic outlaws—always upholding principle over expediency and reaffirming justice by direct action in the face of the grinding tyranny of a corrupt law and the apathetic gutlessness of an ossified community. These same audiences, fatuous and fragmented, return to their respective prisons, practitioners as well as victims of the vices they had vicariously deplored and hissed the evening before.

Throughout densely populated, suburban Squalidonia, the maverick is a hero as long as he confines his heroics to Stultavision, Blatherama, and Disintigral Paperbacks, Inc. But whenever he is so indiscreet as to materialize and venture into the lush pastures of our current Establishment, he is hazed off to forage with the wild cattle as quickly as possible. Like the Returning Savior in Ivan Karamazov's *Grand Inquisitor*, he is given the "bum's rush." Mavericks, when they show up at board meetings, political party caucuses, faculty convocations, legislative assemblies, or any of the numerous ritualistic, "deliberative" ceremonies contrived to give pseudo-liberal window dressing to the preordained policies of senile interest groups, are almost universally regarded as villains—especially by those whom they are attempting to liberate. Rotten as the old corrals may be, they will hold as long as some ornery critter can be prevented from taking it into his skull to give them a try. Such ambivalence, characteristic of the psychosis of nostalgia, betrays the confusion, self-deception, hypocrisy, and absurdity of homogenized establishmentarian society.

Present-day existence is hopelessly schizoid. Nobody *really* loves Big Brother, and inside the most timorous conformist a smothered rebel cringes in fear. The discrepancy between our ideals and daily realities is manifest in the fascination with which even intelligent people view western fantasies depicting the achievement of social justice by maverick heroes who ride roughshod over all obstacles and "put things right," and the silent despair most of us suffer at the shoddy compromises and degrading sellouts we incessantly endure. How else is it possible to account for the fervid popularity of a novel and film such as *Shane*?

Sophisticated critics insist that no mature person takes Westerns with their maverick heroes, seriously—their popularity being attributable solely to their "escapist" entertainment value. It is a simple explanation that eliminates necessity for considering them critically and also allows one to enjoy them without admitting to complete infantilism. But the explanation is unconvincing. All childhood taste—especially that inspired by fairy tales and fables that are masterpieces of world literature—is not "infantile." Must concern for justice, truth, virtue be limited to pious hoosiers and naive bumpkins? Certainly the mature mind must be able to distinguish between fantasy and reality; and confronted with the

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

TURNER, MARX, AND THE NEW LEFT

By John P. Diggins

Most historians are convinced that the frontier was of vital significance in influencing America's institutions and national character; few agree on the precise nature of that influence. Since historians seem to be at an impasse, it is inevitable that sociologists will step into the controversy—when the richness of vision fails, the rigors of methodology are not far behind. But this anthology does not quite live up to the implied contents of its inviting title. The editors, Seymour Martin Lipset and Richard Hofstadter, are eminently qualified to write on such a topic, yet their perfunctory introductions shed little light on the sociology of the American West. Perhaps this is due to a lack of genuine empathy with the subject. Lipset is a Weberian who believes that America's "core values," not its geographical environment, played the decisive role in our historical development. Hofstadter is a Mannheimian chiefly interested in analyzing "styles of thought" and "projective behavor," in dealing with the rhetoric of political expression rather than the reality of the human situation.

The ten essays revolve around two basic issues: the social-political consequences of the frontier experience and the economic implications of that experience. Sociologist Everett Lee believes that the prime factor in America's development was not the frontier but the migration that the frontier allowed, for the social values that evolved from migratory habits continued long after the frontier ceased to exist. Allen Bogue attempts to show that "the social structure of the pioneer communities did influence the personalities of the residents," an effort which, I'm afraid, succeeds only in elaborating the obvious. Stanley Elkins and Eric McKitrick take up Turner's case for frontier democracy; using models of early community development, they conclude that frontier life did entail a high degree of political participation. Regarding economic implications, Paul Gates's diligent research of midwestern farm tenancy and agricultural labor throws some doubt on the question of free land; and David Shannon's famous "post mortem" on the safety-valve thesis suggests that the frontier failed to provide a significant outlet for urban labor. On the other hand, economist Norman Simler shows convincingly that, even though many who migrated west never became landowners, their migration did affect favorably the "elasticity of demand for labor in the East." And armed with a battery of statistics and graphs, economists George Murphy and Arnold Zellner argue, again convincingly, that the frontier did affect the labor movement by sustaining the optimistic success ethic and by modulating business cycles and cushioning social conflict.

Turner and the Sociology of the Frontier edited by Richard Hofstadter and Seymour Martin Lipset *(Basic Books, Inc., New York, 1968; 232 pp., $5.95)*

Highly recommended to American historians especially is Marvin Mikesell's essay, "Comparative Studies in Frontier History." Focusing on Latin American colonization, Canada's early settlements, South Africa's *Voortrekker* movement, and Australia's "Outback," geographer Mikesell concludes that differences far outweigh similarities in these selected frontier experiences.

But perhaps the most cautionary note of all appears in Mody Boatright's sensitive essay on "The Myth of Frontier Individualism." Here English Professor Boatright points out that the principle of self-help was more than matched by the practice of cooperation ("mutuality") and that "the frontier attracted freebooters as a dead steer attracts buzzards." Conceding that the frontiersman was self-reliant, he nevertheless warns us against jumping to the facile conclusion that resourcefulness born of necessity signifies economic conservatism. There is a double irony in Boatright's warning, for what is so interesting is that today New Left historians have seized upon western history as a means of legitimizing their view of the American past.

Whatever the value of applying sociology to history, the meaning of the American West will ultimately depend on one's sense of values. In this connection it should be noted that both Turner and Marx would be bewildered by the New Left's shallow exploitation of western history. Turner rightly saw that the American West embodied all the values and habits antithetical to European radicalism. It is for this reason that Turner recorded the passing of the frontier with regret, while Marx looked forward to the historic event with enthusiasm. Indeed, where Turner perceived the frontier as a solvent that eroded Europe's crusty conservatism, Marx believed that America's frontier perpetuated the constricting individualism of the nineteenth century and thus prevented the development of true class consciousness. Both towering figures would have agreed on one thing: that the passing of the frontier meant an end to America's uniqueness and the beginning of its Europeanization. Today we know better — but we also realize that we still know too little about the nature of America and the direction of history. Turner knew, or thought he knew, and therein lies the difference.

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A WESTERN GATHERING

Looking Westward

BY JOSEPH E. ILLICK

IN OCTOBER, 1964, a twelve-page mimeographed pamphlet appeared, inauspiciously, under the title *The Indian Historian*. It was published by the Indian Historical Society, founded that year in San Francisco by fifty American Indians representing at least twenty-five tribes, and contained a statement of purpose, letters of congratulation, notes on pending political actions regarding the Indian, two pages on acorn food, and assorted scraps of information. The normal fate of such journals and their sponsoring organizations, after an initial flurry of activity, is obscurity or worse. Instead, the mimeographed issues kept coming, as many as ten a year.

Then, in December, 1967, *The Indian Historian* acquired a handsome printed format with illustrations and three times its original length, and has since been issued quarterly, now reaching over five thousand subscribers. The society itself has moved to spacious quarters overlooking San Francisco (1451 Masonic Avenue), where one can visit the only American-Indian controlled art gallery in the United States. Scholars may use the unusual collection of books and files of Indian newspapers. Presiding over Chautauquah House is part-Cherokee Jeanette Henry, formerly with the New York *Times*, and now editor-in-chief of *The Indian Historian*. Her husband, Rupert Costo, a full-blooded Cahuilla, is president of the society. Leatrice Mikkelsen, a Navajo, directs the gallery and crafts museum. Working with other Indian scholars, the society has made a study of textbooks used in California public schools, and is currently scrutinizing textbooks used on reservations. It also seeks scholarships for Indians in San Francisco Bay Area colleges.

The Indian Historian was not conceived as a militant publication, and Miss Henry argues that the distinctive struggle of the Indian for his rights should not be confused with the strivings of other ethnic groups. Rather, the magazine's intent is to correct the record, to uncover new information, and to appeal broadly first to the Indian ("farmer and professional, scholar and laborer") and then to others.

An examination of that greatly-expanded December, 1967, issue shows how these three aims were carried out: Miss Henry's article "Our Inaccurate Textbooks" summarized the work of the society, pointing out that the object was not simply to put more emphasis on the Indian but rather to approach his condition from a broader viewpoint; what, for example, she asked, is the effect on teacher and student to read that the white race moved inexorably across the continent, relegating Indians to "parts of the landscape and wilderness which had to be cleared out" by any means? (One is reminded of Theodore Roosevelt's statement in *The Winning of the West:* "The settler and the pioneer have at bottom had justice on their side; this great continent could not have been kept as nothing but a game preserve for squalid savages.") Virgil J. Vogel's "American Indian Influence on Medicine and Pharmacology" brought to light the fact that "the uses of most indigenous plants adopted into the white *materia medica* were learned from the Indians. This major contribution by American Indians to the people from other continents who settled here suggests that acculturation is a two-way street.

This issue of *The Indian Historian* continued with a variety of essays, including descriptions by Pueblo, Yakima, and Nez Perce Indians of their tribes' celebration of Christmas; John Stands in Timber's narrative of his youth among the Cheyenne; Henry Azbill's "Native Dances: A Basic Part of Culture, Tradition, Religion", a section devoted to the arts, featuring painter Earl Livermore's "The Art of the Indian in the Frame of Two Cultures," as well as a review of the oils of Frank Day, a Maidu who had recently exhibited at the society. Rounding out the magazine were a succinct book section (sometimes acerbic: "This book can make no claim to scholarship"); a question-and-answer page (do Indians pay taxes? were they ever cannibalistic? are they compensated by the federal government?); and a useful bibliography.

Succeeding issues of *The Indian Historian* have remained true to the original intent. It is a welcome addition to the field of publishing and to the field of western history.

Names on the Land

BY GEORGE R. STEWART

Indian Place-Names: Their Origin, Evolution, and Meanings, Collected in Kansas from the Siouan, Algoniquian, Shoshonean, Caddoan, Iroquoian, and Other Tongues by John Rydjord *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968, 380 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $6.95).*

SCHOLARLY STUDY OF AMERICAN Indian place-names began with J. H Trumbull's admirable *Composition of Indian Geographical Names* in 1870. Though nearly a century has passed, the advance in this field of knowledge has not been all that one might expect. For one reason, the subject is extraordinarily complicated. Even to define what is an "Indian" name is far from easy.

At the one pole are the genuine and ancient names — not, indeed, so numerous on the modern map as one might expect — which were established before the arrival of the Europeans and were then passed on. At the other pole are the many dictionary-contrived or wholly manufactured names which have been produced by literary romanticists or by grandiloquent subdividers, not more authentic than a Sioux warbonnet on a modern Hopi. Between these extremes

West by Northwest

THE WARRIOR WHO KILLED CUSTER

The Personal Narrative of Chief Joseph White Bull

Translated and edited by James H. Howard

Fifty-five years after the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Miniconjou Chief Joseph White Bull, who had taken part in the fight, drew and annotated a pictographic account of his personal exploits in which he claimed to have killed General Custer. All 39 pictographs are reproduced, 16 in color, the narrative includes a written winter count.

Cloth **$6.95**

THE OLD OREGON COUNTRY

By Oscar Osburn Winther

The Pacific Northwest, the old Oregon country, was one of the most remote and inaccessible frontier areas, but it was also known to be rich in natural resources. The opening of this region is a story of courage, endurance, and pioneer enterprise. Here, based largely on primary sources, the whole story of travel and travelers in this rugged country is told for the first time.

Paper (Bison Book 388) **$2.95**

THE PLAINSMEN OF THE YELLOWSTONE

A History of the Yellowstone Basin

By Mark H. Brown

This rich, meticulously researched chronicle spans more than a century and a half of history, from the explorations of the Verendrye brothers in the 1740's to the days of the honyocker who turned the prairie sod "wrong side up" near the turn of the century. Among its notable features is a fresh appraisal of the trouble with the Teton Sioux, documented with contemporary accounts, letters, and reports previously ignored or overlooked by historians, and supplemented with special maps.

Paper (Bison Book 397) **$2.50**

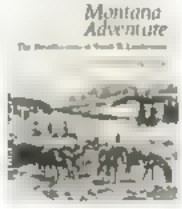
THE OLD NORTH TRAIL

Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians

By Walter McClintock

Beginning in 1896, the author lived for four years with the Blackfoot tribe, becoming a member of it after his adoption by Chief Mad Dog, their greatest orator, high priest of the Sun Dance, and keeper of the Beaver Medicine Bundle. The Bison Book edition of his authentic record of Blackfoot life, customs, and legends includes the original (1910) illustrations, numbering nearly two hundred.

Paper (Bison Book 379) **$2.95**



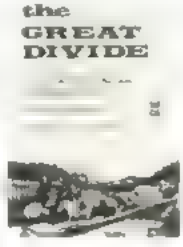
MONTANA ADVENTURE

The Recollections of Frank B. Linderman

Edited by H. G. Merriam

The western adventures of Frank B. Linderman began in 1885 when, at 16, he headed west from Ohio for the Flathead Lake country of Montana. Years spent as a trapper and hunter earned him friendships that resulted in more than a dozen books, notably about the Plains Indians. The present autobiographical account also covers Linderman's activities as an assayer, businessman, newspaperman, and legislator.

Cloth **$5.95**



THE GREAT DIVIDE

Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of 1874

By the Earl of Dunraven

Introduction by Marshall Sprague

From boyhood, Lord Dunraven (1841-1926) had heard "tales of Red Indians and grizzly b'ars, cowboys and voyageurs," and when he came to investigate the reality he found the sport and adventure he was thirsting for. This zestful account of his 1874 hunting and sightseeing trip is illustrated with numerous drawings and fifteen full-page illustrations.

Paper (Bison Book 369) **$2.65**

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lie other thousands of names more or less genuine.

In addition, a full collection of Indian names would include many thousands which are now, technically, extinct. Here are those which are preserved in written records, or are still in use by contemporary Indians, but have been replaced in American speech by newer terms.

The difficulties of the study are augmented by the varieties of possible approach, depending upon whether the scholar is himself a historian, a linguist, or a geographer. Ideally, he should be all three, but such perfection is beyond ordinary expectation.

The basic problem, however, is undoubtedly linguistic, arising from the multiplicity of Indian languages, many of which are now either extinct or obsolescent, so that authoritative translation of their often badly transmitted names has become transcendentally difficult.

In spite of this problem, scholars have usually multiplied the complication by basing their studies upon modern political areas, such as states, and not upon linguistic units. Rather rare is such an outstanding work as F. H. Eckstrom's study of the names in certain regions of Maine, where all the Indians spoke closely allied Algonquian dialects, in which the author herself was competent.

Professor Rydjord's recent book takes Kansas as its unit. It is a work, by the way, to which I am credited in the *Acknowledgments* with encouragement "over a cup of coffee in Berkeley," but I am afraid that my contribution was miniscule.

The author is a historian, and his book shows that orientation. His coverage is good, even including some of the extinct names. He expands largely upon the historical backgrounds, presenting something about the tribes and the chiefs supplying the origin for such names as Republican and Tonganoxie. For the collection of such materials, the book is both interesting and useful.

It falls short in linguistic analysis — though, indeed, we should perhaps not criticize it adversely for that reason, since the author nowhere lays claim to a linguistic background or even to have attempted such analysis. Still, the use of the word "meanings" in the subtitle leads us to expect authoritative translations.

Actually, such an attempt would have run into a highly complex situation, since the Indians of Kansas differed widely, Represented, as the subtitle notes, are linguistic stocks differing completely from one another; *viz.*, "Siouan, Algonquian, Shoshonean, Caddoan, Iroquoian."

The strengths and the limitations of the book may be seen in the discussion of a such an important name as Topeka. The history of the name is fully presented, in a whole chapter, with an account of the spitfire little local controversy about the meaning. In the end, however, the author is not, himself, in a position to give judgment upon the meaning, and he does not even attempt, on historical grounds, to distinguish among the claimants, even by stating definitely as to the linguistic stock from which the name has sprung.

The reviewer, indeed, having raised the issue, will venture to go a little further and to state his own belief, chiefly based on historical grounds, that Topeka is Siouan (Kansa), meaning roughly "good-potato-place," if we take "potato" as referring to one of the various wild tubers which were prized items of diet among many tribes.

Considered, however, in its own terms and with some limitation of title, the book is an excellent one. It will prove helpful both to the curious amateur and to the serious student of place-names, as it has so proved already to me.

George R. Stewart *is Professor Emeritus of English at the University of California, Berkeley, and a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

Indian and the Educator

BY BARRY M. GOLDWATER

Bullying the Moqui edited by Robert Easton and MacKensie Brown *(Prescott College Press, Flagstaff, 1968; 132 pp., illus., $7.50).*

Formal Education and Cultural Change: A Modern Apache Indian Community and Government Education Programs by Edward A. Parmee *(University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1968; 132 pp., biblio., $5.00).*

MY FIRST EXPOSURE TO THE HOPI — or, as they are referred to in this edition of the writings of the outstanding and celebrated authority on the American Indian and the American West, Charles Lummis, "the Moqui" — was around 1917 or 1918, when I was a young sprout of about nine years of age. Since that time my interest in these people has never lagged. I found them then, and I find them now, highly interesting and highly intelligent people. The Hopi youth today take to education as a duck takes to water, and I know that many electronic firms are eager to hire these young people when they graduate from high school or college

The conclusion reached by the editors of this book shows that what bothered Lummis about the treatment of the Moqui still bothers some people today. There are many Americans who feel with me, that the United States government has never discharged its duties in education to the Indian in a proper way. They can recite witches' tales of horrors inflicted upon the Indians which could easily compete with the incident that is related in this book. There should be no doubt that the things Lummis describes actually happened. They are recorded elsewhere in the pages of history, but it's quite evident that Lummis stretches the point a bit.

Edward A. Parmee raises problems similar to those dealt with by Charles Lummis; and I would suggest that any serious student of Indian education and cultural change might find it advantageous to read both of these works. *Bullying the Moqui* shows an ugly episode in the relationship of the white bureaucracy to the Indian people. Mr. Parmee presents a complex problem involving Indian education, and this fact alone should put his book on the must list.

Running throughout Mr. Parmee's book is the ancient question of what we strive for in the education of the American Indian. What is our goal? Is it to show him how to remain forever an Indian in the historical sense, confined to basket weaving, pottery making, blanket weaving, and so forth? Is it to help him retain his ancient identity while he learns to live as a white man among white men? Or is it to help him slowly merge with the white or non-Indian American and accept a new culture?

There are good and bad arguments for each of these approaches, and I must say from a lifetime of interest and expe-

rience that this basic question has never been properly studied. The result has been the offering of poor education to the Indian. Mind you, I use the word *offer*, because that is all we can do for any person — be he white, black, brown, or red. We cannot *give* anyone an education if he does not want it.

Mr. Parmee carefully points out the fundamental questions of culture and ancestry which must be recognized in any attempt to choose one of the three goals. Probably foremost among these influences is that of family. How can we expect, for example, a father and mother who have never received schooling to be overjoyed when their child is offered the opportunity? Attitudes are deeply rooted in the past, and for this Apache family, as with all of our Indians, these spring from legend, mythology, and the mysterious ways of religion.

A very important aspect of this question is whether the Indian parents really want their child to grow up to be a non-Indian in the cultural sense. Most of them are deeply religious, and they are faced with rather abundant evidence that non-Indians of the past have failed in preserving the moralities of their religion. Too, we must consider whether the Indian parents see anything wrong in continuing the Indian culture of basketry, pottery, blanketry, and, yes, the devil dance and the chants. We must discover whether the American Indian is really dissatisfied with this way of life. Does there exist a real reason for his children to adopt non-Indian cultural pursuits? I believe Mr. Parmee has presented this problem and its answer with great skill.

Over the years I have spoken to graduating classes at high schools located on the different reservations of my state. It always gives me a thrill to stand before small groups of boys and girls dressed in non-Indian garb and look behind them in the audience at their mothers, fathers, grandmothers, and grandfathers, dressed in the historic costumes of the Navajo, Hopi, Apache, and Papago. One stands before these young people proud of their having taken advantage of the offer of education and wondering just how the old people in the audience are really feeling. For these are the ones to whom cultural change, created by education, will be most important, because the young ones will grow up yielding or resisting, as the case may be, to the intrusion of the non-Indian way of life on the ways of their parents.

That there will be a decided change in the cultural life of all of our Indians as a result of education is, of course, increasingly obvious. There is no question, in my mind, for example, that in our lifetime the handicraft trades will all but disappear from the Indian's life as education shows him that, desirable as these things are and important as they are to the cultural life of the Indian and the non-Indian, the production of them does not provide the income that other occupations can.

Barry M. Goldwater *is a United States Senator and a member of the Arizona Historical Foundation.*

Images and Memories

BY BARRY BEYER

Almost Ancestors: The First Californians by Theodora Kroeber and Robert F. Heizer *(Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1968; 168 pp., foreword, preface, catalog of photos, $15.00).*

THIS IS A BOOK OF FACES — faces of the first Californians and the last, for there are no more. Over this stolen land now roams a new and arrogant breed: descendants of conquistadores, missionaries, emigrants, trappers, and gold-diggers; purveyors of civilization and history, barterers in faith and politics, perpetrators of an "eminent domain." They call themselves "Californians," but that, too, is a white man's lie. There are no more Californians. These were the first and they are the last, the men who might have been our ancestors had they been allowed to live on their God-given land.

But this is not a tale of Indians raped, pillaged, murdered, and exterminated from the surface of the land. That is an old and well-worn theme. This is the naked testimony of a people; their stance, expression, and every gesture is a statement of the life that they led. With that sharp, incisive artist's tool, humility, Theodora Kroeber and Robert Heizer have put together a masterpiece that surpasses even the technical skill and poetic beauty that we have come to expect from the publications of the Sierra Club. With little more than a hundred photographs, some careful quotes, and a few well-chosen words, these two have revived the spirit that once walked freely on this land.

In the beginning there was no land, no light, only darkness and the vast waters of outer-ocean, where earth-maker and great-grandfather were afloat in their canoe. Earth-maker cast a long line into the water and brought up from the bottom of the ocean a pat of earth no bigger than his hand. He placed it on the surface of the sea where it drifted on the waves. Then he stretched his arms, fingers open, towards the piece of drifting earth and it grew and spread and thickened until it became the world. . .

When the world was finished and complete, earth-maker took soft clay and formed the figure of a man and of a woman, then many men and many women, which he dried in the sun, and into which he breathed life: they were the first people.

Let us look on them. . . .

As their faces rise before us on each page, we wonder who is the viewer and who the viewed. Standards of objective criticism quickly fall, our emotions clawing upward to fill the eyes with tears and take control. We commit the critic's one

great sin—we "take 'em personal." There is no other way.

Deep, soft eyes stare past us, dreaming, into some vast infinity . . . a tired, puffy, countenance reflects a weariness of hopes once held and then unfastened . . . hot anger, accusation flames across the tight lips of wrinkled, lonely women . . . the smile of a workman welcoming the pause a stranger brings . . . the vacant gaze of those already beyond the causes of suffering and grief . . . the quick frown of children uncertain of what it is that they have lost . . . faces—so many faces from an ancient past, remote, but no longer impotent.

If there is one common chord, a tone to tie together all these vagrant images, that sound is individuality—an awareness of the self within the framework of the whole. The authors find a soft roundness in the heartland, dream-orientation of the river people, a sharp precision in the north, and a mystic "toloache" cult of the southern tribes. But beyond these boundaries, each man has gone separate ways. Did not earth-maker say to each "Here is your home and the home of the children to be born to you"? Each one in silence has known the richness of this truth and could then follow the simple pattern of "the way" with no vague constriction on his soul. These were indeed the chosen people, whose God gave them their garden and their "way" at the outset of creation—not some promised hope to be achieved through awesome tasks amidst a jealous rage.

Barry Beyer *is a free-lance writer, editor, and artist*

Spanish Government in New Mexico by Marc Simmons *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1968; 238 pp., illus., biblio., $6.95).*

BY DONALD E. WORCESTER

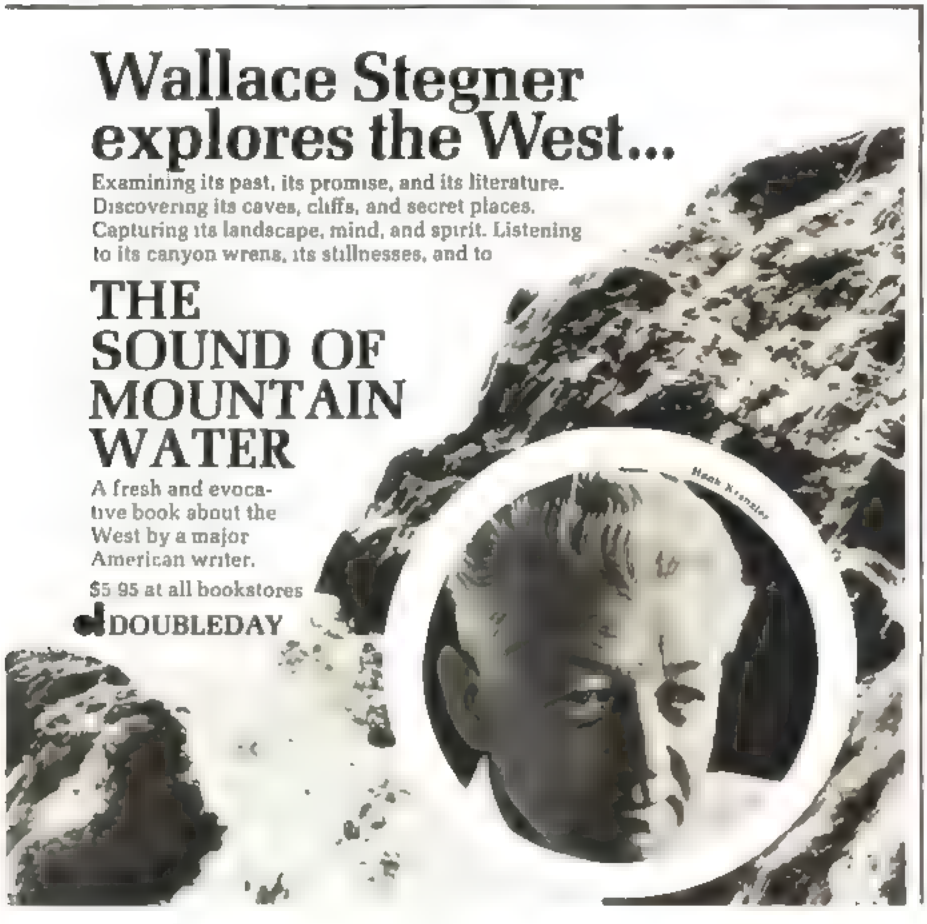
SPAIN'S SUCCESS IN MAINTAINING isolated and often neglected outposts such as Santa Fe, New Mexico, and San Agustín, Florida, has always been a source of astonishment. The present study indicates that the ties between local officials and their superiors in Chihuahua and Mexico City were closer than generally believed. It begins with Spain's attempts to reform her colonial administration following her decisive defeat in the Seven Years War, but references are made to earlier practice.

At various times Spanish officers were sent on inspection tours of the northern frontier presidios, but none of them could devise a plan that would enable a few hundred ill-equipped soldiers to cope with thousands of Apaches, Navahos, and Comanches. Presidios were relocated and changes were made in military organization, but the Indian problem could not be solved. It became so serious in the second half of the eighteenth century that a new and unique administrative form, the commandancy general, was devised for the northern or "interior" provinces, including New Mexico.

Many of the late eighteenth-century governors were able and dedicated men, such as Juan Bautista de Anza and Pedro Fermín de Mendinueta, and the governor's powers were sufficient to enable him to maintain discipline and uphold justice, even to become a petty tyrant. This study of the provincial governor is of special interest, for he was the most likely ancestor of the post-independence *caudillo*. The governor had military, executive, judicial, and police powers, and these were the powers exercised by provincial *caudillos*

Because of the scarcity of qualified men, many positions could not be filled, and it was not possible to adhere strictly to customary Spanish procedure. The *cabildo* or town council of Santa Fe ceased functioning in the eighteenth century, and some of the names of offices were used rather loosely, as was the case of the *alcade mayor*. Elsewhere the *alcalde mayor* was about the equal of the provincial governor, lacking only his military authority. In New Mexico the title was given to administrators of small districts, who had heavy military responsibilities. Bishop Tamarón and Father Morfi described New Mexico's *alcaldes mayores* in unflattering terms, since few of them could read or write or knew anything of the law. But their military duties were most important, and in these they were frequently skillful.

This is a useful, scholarly study of a neglected aspect of the Spanish era in New Mexico. Similar studies of other frontier areas for the same period would make it possible to draw some general conclusions concerning Spanish Amer-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ican imperial frontier history, and to make enlightening comparisons with other New World empires. ℜ

Donald E. Worcester *is in the Department of History at Texas Christian University.*

San Juan Bautista: Gateway to Spanish Texas by Robert S. Weddle *(University of Texas Press, Austin, 1968; 469 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.50).*

BY RONNIE C. TYLER

WITH A UNIQUE COMBINATION of the cross and the sword, the church and the state, the Spaniards pushed their empire north from the central valley of Mexico deep into the southwestern region of the present-day United States. They generally followed known trails such as explored by Vázquez de Coronado, or natural terrain, such as yielded mineral wealth. Often, however, barriers like the Rio Grande del Norte prevented further exploration and settlement for years.

The territory north of the Rio Grande was not unknown to the Spaniards in 1700: punitive expeditions fruitlessly pursued marauding Indians, hoping to reclaim stock and goods stolen from the Monterrey-Saltillo area; countless friars attempted to convert the Coahuiltecan redmen, and land and maritime expeditions searched for La Salle's lost colony for four years, from 1685 to 1689. But the Rio Grande was a line of demarcation long before it legally divided Mexico from the United States. Before 1700 it divided prosperous mining settlements of Nuevo León from *tierra incognita*, the civilized Spaniards from *los indios rebeldes*, and secure territory from land that might quickly slip into French control. The viceroy desperately needed to strengthen Spain's hold on the northern frontier.

Missionary zeal was foremost in the minds of the friars when they established mission San Juan Bautista del Rio Grande, some two leagues from the river (about thirty-five miles downriver from present Piedras Negras, in the village of Guerrero), on January 1, 1700, with some five hundred Indian witnesses. They had established the "mother mission" that would spawn all the missions of Texas, the most notable being the one that is now known as San Antonio. They had opened, in the words of Robert S. Weddle, the "gateway to Spanish Texas."

San Juan Bautista experienced all the vicissitudes of the Spanish frontier policies. It was first an outpost that served as a resting place and supply depot for the energetic padres who pushed across the Rio Grande taking the gospel to curious Indians. As the far-flung and overextended frontier began to recede in the wake of increased and ferocious Apache attacks and invading Frenchmen, San Juan Bautista became a *presidio*, a defense post given more to quartering and equipping troops than to housing missionaries.

But the primary message that Weddle delivers is that San Juan Bautista was the gateway, the most important entrance into Texas for priests, explorers, and soldiers; for Zebulon M. Pike, on his return from Mexico City, and for López de Santa Anna as he led his ragged conscripts to put down an insurrection in 1836. It was also the main road into Mexico for Frenchman St

ALL INDIANS AREN'T WOODEN . . .

Photo by Louis Phillips

If they were, they wouldn't have to worry about food, clothing, shelter, and education. Who cares about the living Indian? We do. And we just published a book to prove it.

VERBATIM REVIEW from *Choice*, a Publication of the Association of College and Research Libraries, a Division of the American Library Association, December, 1968:

LEVINE, Stuart and Nancy Oestreich Lurie, eds. The American Indian Today. Everett/Edwards, 133 South Pecan Avenue, Deland, Fla. 32720, 1968. 229p il map tab bibl 67-24839. 12.00

A collection of 13 articles by Indian and white anthropologists and educators highly perceptive of the contemporary scene in American and Indian life. The now o.p. special Fall 1965 issue of the *Midcontinent American Studies Journal* has been revised and expanded to reach a wider audience with an honest appraisal of the current "human condition" of Indians. The contributors afford the general reader and specialist with a brief survey of the historical background of Indian and governmental relationships, shed light on recent tendencies to establish an "Indian" identity transcending tribal loyalties while still maintaining a sense of traditional community; and offer selected "case histories" demonstrating specific problems confronting Indians in various parts of the country today. In their efforts to "tell it how it is," these authors are more authoritative, representative, and insightful than Brophy's *The Indian, America's Unfinished Business* (CHOICE, May 1967), and broader in scope than Spicer's *Cycles of Conquest* (1962). Not intended as a textbook to compete with those by Oswalt, Underhill, or Spencer and Jennings, this is highly recommended for all general public libraries as well as academic collections.

EVERETT/EDWARDS, Inc.
133 SOUTH PECAN AVENUE
DELAND, FLORIDA 32720

Denis, the revolutionary Ben Milam, and for General John E. Wool, Captain Robert E. Lee, and the American Army of Chihuahua in 1846. Literally thousands of travelers have marched down the main street, formerly the *Calle Real*, of Guerrero; in some places it is worn to a depth of more than two feet.

Just as it required courage to establish the gateway, so it took resourcefulness and patience to mine the archives and the literature as thoroughly as Weddle has. And he has presented and interpreted his evidence just as ably. The collections of the University of Texas contain voluminous material to lighten the dark ages of Spanish Texas if only more historians would use them as well as Weddle.

Ronnie C. Tyler *is in the Department of History at Austin College, Sherman, Texas.*

Ill-at-Ease in Compton by Richard M. Elman *(Pantheon Books, New York, 1967; 207 pp., $5.95)*

The Fragmented Metropolis: Los Angeles, 1850–1930 by Robert M. Fogelson *(Harvard University Press, Boston, 1968; 362 pp., illus., maps, $11.95)*

By David Mabon

In recent years it has become fashionable to regard the Los Angeles area as a bellwether of change. Robert Fogelson looks upon this as a region whose trends in the past anticipated widespread social developments of the present, while Richard Elman suggests that contemporary social patterns in the area are harbingers of the future.

Fogelson's book presents a thorough historical account of distinctive influences on the area's growth. In the first thirty years of the American period, an unusually able group of boosters worked to overcome Los Angeles's natural disadvantages relative to San Diego, to appease and to benefit from the powerful Southern Pacific interests, and to propagandize the area. Beginning with the great migrations of the mid-eighties, the Los Angeles area reaped the harvest of these efforts.

The composition of this migration was of special importance. While eastern cities continued to fill up with European immigrants, Los Angeles was attracting a group of largely native American, middle western, and middle class. A distinctive regional occupational pattern emerged, in which industry lagged well behind agriculture, the professions, and the tourist trade.

The newcomers brought with them a desire for both urban convenience and small-town or rural values: "Their vision was epitomized by the residential suburb — spacious . . . and homogeneous." Fogelson explodes clichés which present the area as the firstfruits of an automobile culture. Long before the Model T, interurban railways — whose owners were usually tract developers as well — furthered development of the entire locality as an aggregation of suburbs. The automobile merely hastened a process already well begun. City planners as well as developers catered to the suburban vision, hoping for a city, in the words of one of them, which would be "not another New York, but a new Los Angeles. Not a great . . . mass with a pyramiding of population and squalor in a single center, but a federation of communities coordinated into a metropolis of sunlight and air."

The author is a severe critic of the trends he describes. Execution of the "suburban vision" was poor, he believes. Planners might speak of a federation of communities, but in practice there was little coordination of the area's growth. Whenever conflict appeared between short-term profit and long-range planning, the former usually triumphed. The result was the formless sprawl which planners — and Fogelson — hate, but which so many of the inhabitants rather like. Even more important to Fogelson, the suburban vision was itself inadequate and even corrupt. Dispersed development and intraregional mobility led to "social fragmentation," "personalism," and "disintegration" among the white settlers, who at the same time excluded minority groups from their garden communities.

One can think of several objections to such sweepingly negative conclusions. Rigid residential segregation along racial lines has been the norm in places uninfluenced by suburban building codes. Impersonality has existed in apartment towers as well as eighty-by-one-hundred-foot lots. Steeped in those contemporary planning doctrines that are so solicitous of presumed urban values, Fogelson comes close to indicting a physical pattern of development, initiated many years ago, as the cause of today's most acute racial and sociological problems, despite his initial emphasis on the strength of human desires and the plasticity of the environment. Some will certainly draw the conclusion that Los Angeles grew in one chaotic pattern, other American cities in another.

In *Ill-at-Ease in Compton*, the novelist and journalist Richard Elman offers a guided tour through that city's troubles, rather than a scholarly analysis of them. Compton, which lies on the fringe of Los Angeles's black districts, has in recent years experienced a drastic alteration in racial composition, combined with an unusual amount of community action designed to avert racial tension.

Presumably, it is these facts which excited Elman's curiosity, but it is the virtue of his almost aggressively unstructured approach that the Compton that emerges here is not solely a study in black and white but a complex social tangle including also conflicts between generations and life-styles within both racial communities. A central perplexity is that black people are being asked, by both the larger society and some of their own leaders, to accept some traditional American values which many middle-class whites are abandoning. Compton is where blacks who are on the way up meet whites who are on the way down, treading water, or simply disoriented. This city may give a glimpse of a future in which suburban racial problems, involving ever more subtle questions of status, emerge alongside those of the cities.

The final third of the book is given over to verbatim transcripts in which Comptonites discuss the ills of their city. If the selection is in fact representative, their conclusions — or lack of them — are disheartening. Elman, ever faithful to his role of traveler, offers no remedies.

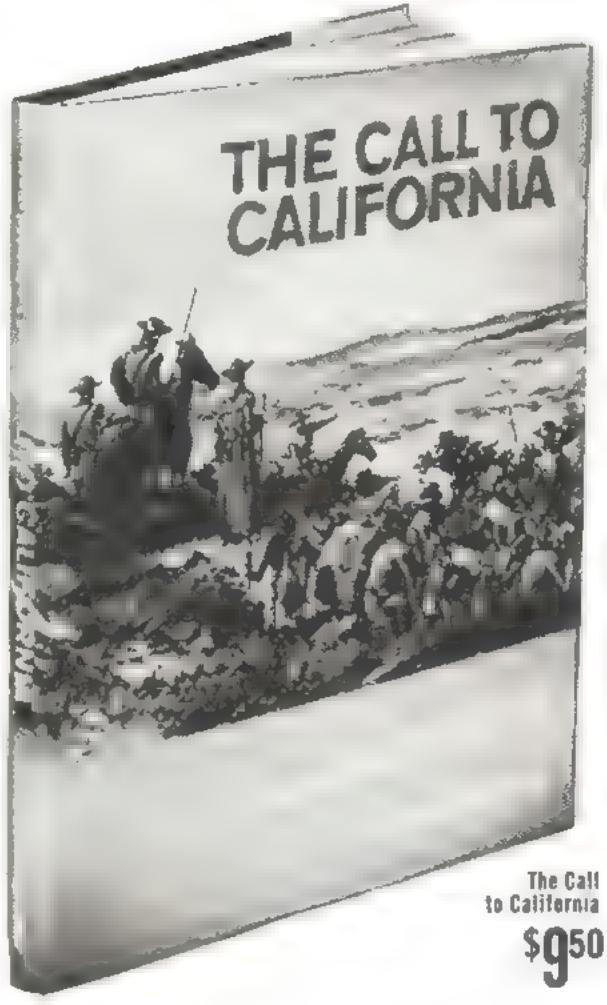
David Mabon *is an assistant Professor of History at California State College in Hayward.*

Sod Walls by Roger L. Welsch *(Purcells Inc., Broken Bow, Nebraska, 1968; 208 pp., illus., appendix, biblio., index).*

By J. E. Illick, Jr

There is no record that real estate men, in the hyperbole typical of the trade, advertised sod houses as "Western Plantation Manors." One look at

The Book of the California Bicentennial



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THE AMERICAN WEST

Roger L. Welsch's book disabuses the reader of any romantic notions he may have had of these Nebraska dwellings. Constructed of sod laid like brick, each wall having two adjacent rows with staggered joints and a header course every third or fourth layer, the ceiling also sod supported by wood rafters — these houses were crude, small, dark, and dirty. If the occupants survived and sometimes smiled, it may have been due to the grim humor which Welsch has resurrected in his anthology of Sod House Songs:

> We do not live, we only stay,
> We're all too poor to get away.

Like the Indians who killed buffalo for food and used the hides for shelter, the Nebraska pioneers prepared their fields for planting by stripping them of the sod used for their houses. And at least these living places passed the outstanding criterion of human desire: the neighbors had none better.

Joseph E. Illick, Jr. *is a building contractor in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.*

Explorers of the Mississippi: A History of the Conquistadors, Voyageurs, and Charlatans, Who Discovered, Opened Up, and Exploited the Father of Waters by Timothy Severin *(Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1968; 181 pp., illus., biblio., $6.95).*

BY DWIGHT L. SMITH

TIMOTHY SEVERIN SUGGESTS in his preface that his is the first survey of the exploration of the Mississippi River "from the point of view of the explorers themselves." Readers will find, however, that he focuses on a *selection* of explorers and that there is frequently more "Severin" in his accounts than "the point of view of the explorers themselves."

Hernando de Soto, "among the most successful men of his day and also one of its worst failures," whose 1541 discovery of the Mississippi furnished both the salvation of the remnants of his army and his eventual grave, convinced the Spaniards of the worthlessness of further attempts to explore or utilize the river.

It was more than a century before the Mississippi saw Europeans again, this time from the opposite end of the continent. The French team of Louis Joliet and Jesuit Jacques Marquette explored the river and became convinced that it drained south, not west, and that it was not "commercially viable." Meanwhile the La Salle–Tonti efforts were underway. Sieur de la Salle was "the most tragic figure in the history of Mississippi exploration." Although he had the greatest vision and the most meteoric career, he was plagued with the worst luck. His grand design for a vast inland empire in the North American heartland nearly succeeded and thus barely missed changing the entire course of American history. Henri de Tonti, who labored for seventeen years after La Salle's assassination, carried the dream closer to fulfillment but ultimately failed.

In reply to the seemingly insatiable demand of Europeans, especially Frenchmen, for information about middle North America, Flemish missionary Recollet Louis Hennepin, a sometime La Salle and Tonti companion, published three versions of his American travels. These "colorful concoctions of myth, fact, and imagination" became instant best sellers in several editions and languages. Hennepin had a genius "for conjuring up plausible and attractive situations."

The remaining one-third of Severin's volume narrates the peregrinations of lesser figures: Jonathan Carver, who was a liar "more by accident than design" as compared to Hennepin who deliberately duped his readers; Zebulon Pike, who regarded the task of exploring the headwaters of the river as "a distasteful chore" and whose efforts were "a signal failure"; the "glorious misfit," Giacomo Costantino Beltrami, whose comic-opera attempts to find the Mississippi's source and to convince the public of his success were both failures; and a random assortment of other searchers.

This subject is not a specialty with the author (a previous volume concerned Marco Polo and a forthcoming one deals with the West Indies). As an India-born Englishman his chances of fresh and objective insight are good — he gained a firsthand acquaintanceship with the Mississippi by canoeing its length — but a requisite familiarity with the necessary source materials for such an undertaking as this volume is lacking.

Dwight L. Smith *is in the Department of History at Miami University.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ferol Egan

The Sonoran Desert: Its Geography, Economy, and People by Roger Dunbier *(University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1968; 426 pp., illus., maps and charts, appendices, biblio., index, $10.00).*

THE SONORAN DESERT stretches from the southwestern edge of Nevada —near Las Vegas—to the Río Culiacan in Mexico's state of Sinaloa. This wedge-shaped hunk of southwestern geography is an area of roughly 120,000 miles, or very nearly the size of Italy. The western limits of the desert are the mountains of Baja and Southern California; the eastern flank is the rugged Sierra Madre Occidental. It is more than a fair piece of territory.

In an ambitious and scholarly study, Dunbier relates the story of this vast region. Though his prose tends to be a little too dry and thorny for the casual reader, he pulls together such topics as anthropology, biology, botany, climatology, ecology, economics, geography, geology, history, and natural resources. Furthermore, he shows a fine grasp of Mexico's role as an emerging agricultural force as she develops her water resources and changes her dry land into another Imperial Valley. For an introduction and a first-rate reference work on this part of the Southwest, *The Sonoran Desert* is indispensable.

The Overland Journey of Joseph Francl: The First Bohemian to Cross the Plains to the California Gold Field by Joseph Francl. Introduction by Richard Brautigan. Illustrations by Patricia Oberhaus *(William P. Wreden, San Francisco, 1968; 57 pp., illus., notes, $25.00)*

NEAR WATERTOWN, Wisconsin, 1854. The day or month doesn't matter. Mr. Joseph Francl—Bohemian by birth, immigrant by inclination—bid farewell to his wife and small son Fred. In his journal he wrote: "With my gun and knapsack over my shoulders, my mind filled with depressing thoughts, I departed and walked slowly toward Watertown. Upon reaching the place of meeting agreed upon, I found my partners assembled and all the supplies in readiness." This gentle man who had studied music in the Prague Conservatory and who could have lived a life of ease thanks to his father's brewery and glass works was on his way to adventure. And that was what it was all about.

Richard Brautigan pinpoints the motivation, the westward pull to back of beyond, in his introduction and interspersed notes for these remaining portions of Francl's diary and the letters sent to his wife from Placerville and Georgetown. That old whore Adventure sang to Francl. She coaxed him across the plains with mad Germans for companions, made him stand and sleep in the rain, and left him to endure the Great Basin. Then when he found very little gold, when he returned to his family and tried to spend a quiet life as a music teacher, the old siren with the setting sun as rouge on her cheeks crooned again in 1875; and once more Francl traveled west, to die face down in the Oregon snow and to be buried in an unmarked grave at Fort Klamath.

This piece of Francl's mind is an artifact of the American past, something to place alongside a Folsom point. And the publication has been given the treatment that national memory deserves. For while Francl was only one of many to describe what he saw and felt, he did so with rare beauty. He was a traveler in a nation of travelers, and his epic is the collective yet individual epic of the Westward Movement.

A Pictorial and Narrative History of Monterey, Adobe Capital of California, 1770–1847 by Jeanne Van Nostrand *(California Historical Society, San Francisco, 1968; 100 pp., endpapers, illus., notes, index, $30.00).*

BEGINNING WITH the first Spanish settlement established by Captain Portolá and Father Serra, and ending with the transfer of California from Mexico to the United States, this book tells Monterey's story in a most unusual way. The author has selected forty illustrations—some drawings, some paintings—that were done by artists who visited this adobe capital during its pastoral period. In addition, she has written a concise

MEADOW LAKE
GoldTown
PaulFatout

"One short year since first these mines were known
Behold, like magic, lo! a town is shown,
Through the long storms of cruel, spotless snow,
A thousand hands have daily fought the foe.
The Old Man Mountain's beard, they've torn away—
His heart they'll pearce and drag it to the day,
From his old veins a golden stream shall flow,
And Meadow Lake a mighty city grow."
—Meadow Lake Morning Sun, *June 9, 1866*

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CORRECTION

A great many things can keep an editor or proofreader awake nights, staring at the ceiling and wondering at his own sanity— misspelled words in 24-point type, authors given the wrong initials or even the wrong names, photograph captions misplaced, etc.—but few *gaffes* are more feared than that of having an item simply disappear. This occurred in the January, 1969 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW on page 53 of Wilcomb E. Washburn's review, "Red Power."

One of the four books reviewed by Mr. Washburn in his essay was *The New Indians*, by Stan Steiner. Unfortunately, somewhere between manuscript and printer the book's title, author, publisher, and price vanished into an editorial limbo. The mystery was gently called to our attention recently by the book's author: "It is not merely the new Indians who seem to be 'non-existent,' but new writers about the new Indians. . . . Clyde Warrior is quoted in the review as saying 'What can you do when a society tells you that you should be non-existent?' His answer to himself, not quoted, will never disturb readers, who will, of course, never read the 'non-existent' book. . . .

"All this is not to protest my 'non-existent' state in the labyrinths of the grey autopsy rooms of scholarship. Worse fates befall writers. It is a cozy state, and safe. It is safer, at any rate, than the 'non-existent' state that was to be the fate of Clyde Warrior, my dear friend, who died last summer on the roads of Oklahoma, raging against the patronizing sympathies of the scholarly sorrows. He bled to death, hemorrhaged they say by anguish. So in a sense *The New Indians* is his last testament.

"Let, at least, its name be known."

The New Indians by Stan Steiner *(Harper & Row, New York, 1968; 348 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

and most readable history of Monterey, its citizens, and its visitors.

The book is quite large (10½" x 13¾"); the color plates are striking, and the views of a Monterey that we can never know will interest historians and just plain tourists. The only factors that detract from this handsome volume are a promotional writer's error on the jacket blurb which has gold discovered at Sutter's sawmill in 1847 (a neat trick), and a price which places the book out of reach for most readers.

Wells Fargo: An Illustrated History by Noel M. Loomis *(Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, 1968; 344 pp., illus., notes, index, $12.50).*

EVERYTHING is here but nothing is here. Loomis has collected a mountain of factual and mythical information about the business of Henry Wells and William G. Fargo, spiced the whole conglomerate with various tidbits of related and unrelated history and legend, and slapped the whole thing together in a volume of much substance and very little organization. The end result is the publication of notes, ideas, and possible notions for a book about Wells, Fargo & Company, or a book about the world that grew up in the Trans-Mississippi West during the Nineteenth Century and entered the Century of Disenchantment *circa* 1917. Either book could be excellent. Unfortunately Loomis never made up his mind.

Western Words: A Dictionary of the American West by Ramon F. Adams *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 355 pp., $7.95).*

THIS IS A basic book for any writer, scholar, or reader who has staked out the American West as his stompin' ground. In this new, revised, and expanded edition, Adams has given his pioneer work added dimension by drifting beyond the cow country to include the lingo of rodeo riders, sheepmen, buffalo hunters, trappers, packers, freighters, stagecoach drivers, western-river boatmen, loggers, miners, gamblers, and all the other extinct or vanishing breeds.

"Brains in the head saves blisters on the feet." And *Western Words* saves the meaning and flavor of a gut language that captured the look and feel of the lay of the land that men were trying to savvy.

New Mexico in the 19th Century: A Pictorial History by Andrew K. Gregg *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1968; 196 pp., endpapers, illus., biblio., index, $7.50).*

WRITERS, historians, and readers interested in the history of the Southwest will enjoy this book. There are more than five hundred woodcuts and steel engravings that Gregg selected to show how a slice of history appeared to the artists who saw it. Specialists in given areas may wish Gregg had chosen more pictures for their topics, but in a book of this nature it is never possible to please everybody. Still, there is a good range of material that varies from the look of the land and the Indians to early settlers and settlements. All things considered, this is a handy companion volume for a history of New Mexico.

Eldorado by Bayard Taylor. Biographical Introduction by Richard Dillon *(Lewis Osborne, Palo Alto, 1968; 511 pp., two volumes, illus., fold-out map, biblio., index, $21.00).*

ACCORDING to Dillon's perceptive introduction to this new edition of a Gold Rush classic, the great tragedy in Bayard Taylor's life was that he wished to be remembered as a poet, not as a writer of travel books. Like most writers, Taylor was too close to his own work to know what he did best of all. For his account of his trip to and from California in 1849–50 remains one of the great literary nuggets of Californiana.

Taylor pictured in detail his journey across the Isthmus of Panama, his voyage up the Pacific Coast, his initial impressions of San Francisco, his tour of the mines, the great central valleys, and his visit to Monterey. Furthermore, he wrote with color and precision about his return trip from the port of Mazatlán across Mexico to Vera Cruz. To read these descriptions today is to see visions of the past brought to life. Taylor captured the spirit of the Gold Rush, but he did not romanticize it. He saw the hard work, the primitive living conditions, and was well aware of the terrible suffering many Argonauts endured on their westward trek. In short, Taylor saw a once-in-history adventure and captured it for all time. His book should be required reading for all Californians to let them know that any Eldorado needs proper care in order to survive.

The Maverick *continued from page 48*

present intellectually fashionable flight into the irrational and the epidemic of unintelligibility and nonsense, it is more important than ever to refuse to abandon the "ascertainable facts." Beyond demonstrable evidence and disciplined reason lies chaos. But ideals, conceived from the union of reason and experience and tested in the crucibles of history, are the standards by which civilization and culture are measurable. These ideals constitute a refined type of historical fact which art assimilates, synthesizes, and expresses in inspirational form. While much western myth and legend can be described contemptuously as "hokum," it is a hokum we cannot seem to do without. The ideals behind these myths were present long before the western frontier. The frontier provided only another historical theater in which they could find expression. Moreover, the same ideals remain vital even though the frontier has gone. The modern world presents challenges which, like all preceding epochs, require heroes to meet them. Literary critics maintain that contemporary literature has discarded the concept of the hero because he no longer has "relevance." Only the "anti-hero" can accurately reflect life with honesty and integrity. Democracy, with its hostility to the notion of an elite, its deference to material values, its compulsion toward perpetual compromise and expediency, has certainly made it tough on heroes in literature or in life. To have heroes it is necessary to have a code. A code is a set of principles which serve as a final standard for the justification of human action. Without a code there is no guide to regulate human behavior except the mass race for the trough. Expediency is not a code.

The maverick hero disdains the trough. He places honor above his belly. This is the distinctive mark of his aristocratic independence and his superiority over the multitude, and he is hated for it. But he is indifferent to vulgar opinion and appearances. Lancelot, bereft of his horse, journeyed to the lists at Camelot in a cart. The maverick possesses pride where others possess only vanity. When mavericks no longer appear among us, civilization is *kaputt*. With my nostalgia for the frontier, I yearn to see mavericks in high places. Yet the laws of societal selection and human gravitation seem to preclude the possibility that in the modern world a genuine maverick will ever attain a position of influence and power. No Shane is likely to become president, a university dean, or the chief executive of any Establishment large or small. Let us not, for that reason, dispense with the dream. Mavericks will always be necessary. Even as losers.

Owen Ulph, *a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *teaches humanities and history at Reed College, Portland, Oregon, and raises horses on a ranch near Elko, Nevada.*

Goodbye Old Paint

Goodbye to Old Paint, goodbye, goodbye. . . . The Ford Motor Company—knowing a good concept when it sees one and having already made an excellent thing of the Mustang—has lassoed what it hopes will be another winner: the Maverick, a pony-sized motorized steed designed to stampede the little-car market. Among the several nonconformist colors being offered to purchasers of the Maverick are Anti-EstablishMint, Freudian Gilt, and Thanks Vermillion. This is a better idea.

Charles, Thou Art *continued from page 43*

affectation. "A man with the bark on," somebody once called him. I had never thought about this before, but now I knew it was the reason he was at home anywhere, with anybody, rich or poor, great or small.

He used to like to kid with all his friends, but his kidding was never malicious. He liked to kid me about my lack of knowledge about horses and sometimes called me "Bronco Bill." I'd confessed to him that I'd only been on a horse once and that the result had been disastrous. However, I liked horses and said once that I'd like to own one.

"Now, Bill," he said seriously, "I'm not sure that would be a good idea. How would you know which end to feed?"

He liked to talk about his own horses. Monte, the pinto "ghost horse" he'd bought from the Indians when he first came to Montana, had been his great pal and favorite; but he loved the others, too—Gray Eagle and Red Bird and Neenah. I think the horse he had then was called Dave. Any horse that belonged to Charlie Russell was lucky.

I was going back to Denver for Christmas, but I had one more treat in store for me before I left Great Falls. I got to see Charlie Russell preparing for Christmas. This was something like a visit to Santa Claus's workshop, for Charlie practically forgot about serious painting and spent all his time making little figures and pictures and Christmas cards for his friends. He was the embodiment of the Spirit of Christmas, fairly bursting with the joy of the season and goodwill toward men. He'd show me a card he'd painted, and the verse he'd written to go with it, for someone we both knew.

"You think he'll like that?" he'd ask, eager as a kid.

I kept thinking wistfully how much I'd like to have a Christmas card from him, but he never mentioned it until the day before I was going to leave. That evening he handed me a small painting.

"Here, Bill," he grinned, "is a Christmas card from me to you."

It was a painting of me on a bucking bronco. I was outfitted in boots, spurs, chaps, and a ten-gallon Stetson, which I was "fanning" like a professional. That painting was so realistic, I could almost convince myself I could ride.

I gulped my thanks and shook his hand, and he looked pleased to see how tickled I was. Then a lot of people came in, and I thanked him again and hurried home to show it to my dad.

Dad was as delighted with it as I was, but I made a big mistake in letting him talk me into leaving it there with him until I came back, because I never saw either my dad or the picture again.

As the train chugged over the mountains toward Colorado, I did a lot of thinking about Charlie Russell. Not only was he a great painter and sculptor; he was the most *complete* person I'd ever met. He could be rough and earthy—a rollicking barroom companion whose stories had the room rocking with belly laughs. But in his studio he was also the gentle genius who would stop work on a $5,000 painting to tell Indian legends to a group of wide-eyed kids. He never went to church that I know of, but he was a deeply religious, almost mystic man, and he lived by the Golden Rule more than anyone I ever knew. His was a world of laughter and kindness and friendship. Young as I was, I realized that I had had a great privilege in knowing him. I looked forward to seeing him again—but I never did.

It occurred to me that the Welshman back in Missouri had expressed it very well when he said, "Charles, thou art a rare blade."

For Sale: An Empire *continued from page 32*

side of the railroad. This land grant did not seem as exciting then as it does now. Much of the dry western soil was unfit for cultivation unless irrigated, and even the best of it could not be sold until settlers had begun moving West in numbers.

More to the point were the government loans. For each mile of track completed across the flatlands of Kansas and Nebraska and around San Francisco Bay to the base of the Sierra Nevada, the government would advance to the railroads concerned $16,000 in 30-year, 6-percent bonds. For 150 miles west of the east base of the Rockies and 150 east of the west base of the Sierra—"said [bases] to be fixed by the President of the United States"—the loan would leap to $48,000 per mile. In the arid country between the two mountain ranges, the loan was to be $32,000 a mile.

Provisions for repayment were haphazard. As soon as the railroads were completed (a term left undefined), they were to start setting aside 5 percent of their annual net earnings (another undefined designation) as a sinking fund for meeting interest charges and retiring the bonds as they matured. Meeting interest when? Semiannually as the coupons were clipped? Or after the railroads had started earning money? Or could all interest payments be deferred until the bonds fell due and then be paid off in one lump sum?

The act breathed not a word about these points. Whether the silence was inadvertent or resulted from behind-the-scenes manipulation by the promoters cannot be said. In any event, Congress shirked its responsibilities, the builders took advantage of the lapse, and the way was prepared for a titanic battle that would help blacken the closing years of Collis Huntington's life. In 1862, however, he was concerned not with the vague future but with more immediate threats inherent in the ill-drawn bill.

There were several. For instance, the government bonds issued for track building were to constitute a first mortgage on the entire property of the railroads receiving the aid. As Huntington at once realized, this provision automatically reduced the company's own bonds to the status of second mortgages, and would make the securities difficult to sell—and yet they had to be sold since the government loan would not by itself cover the cost of construction. Furthermore, forty miles of track had to be completed before any U.S.

bonds could be claimed. Even then the builders could not ask for the full sum. Until the entire transcontinental was in running order, 25 percent of the money due for finishing the easy portion of the project—from the Missouri River to the 100th meridian and from the western terminus to the base of the Sierra—and 15 percent of the sum due for the remainder of the line would be retained by the government. The intent of Congress was, of course, to keep the companies at work by dangling carrots in front of their noses. In the builders' view, however, the withholding provisions meant added difficulties in raising funds when money for construction was most needed. No slack at all was allowed. Fifty miles of the track had to be completed within two years of the company's agreeing to the terms of the act.

There were other jokers in the bill. During the debates preceding its passage, opponents had accused the branch lines of using the Pacific Railroad as a blind for building local empires with national money. None of the roads, the doubters charged, cared a hoot about the long, unprofitable stretch between the mountains. Let the still-unformed Union Pacific worry about those lean miles. But suppose private investors refused to support the UP, in spite of its government bounties. What then?

Congress had aimed a double-barreled shotgun at the possibility. Section 10 of the act stated that if the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western reached the junction point at the 100th meridian ahead of the Union Pacific, it could, either alone or in conjunction with the other eastern branches, push on to California. Similarly, if the Central Pacific reached Nevada before the other roads appeared from the East, it could keep on building until it met them.

Not only could, *but should*. Section 17 decreed that if either the Union Pacific *or* the other companies failed to build a continuous line between the Missouri and Sacramento rivers by July 1, 1876, then "the whole of said railroads . . . their furniture, fixtures, rolling stock, machine shops, lands, tenements . . . shall be forfeited to and taken possession of by the United States." In other words, if the eastern railroads failed, the Central Pacific could be forced, under pain of forfeiture, to build the entire transcontinental by itself.

From one standpoint the prospect was breathless, and Judah the dreamer had been enthralled by it during the drawing up of the bill. But to Huntington, the hardheaded realist, the risk of being held responsible for other people's failures was appalling. He could not believe that the promoters he had met in the East had really wanted the forfeiture provision, and perhaps, if all of them worked together, they could effect amendments to the bill during forthcoming sessions of Congress. (They could, and did; the bill was ultimately revised along more reasonable lines in 1864.)

With all its drawbacks and disappointments, the bill was the beginning of empire. Huntington's instinct for the main chance had been vindicated. Moreover, in the sometimes subtle, sometimes brass-knuckled school of Washington's wartime politics, among promoters and developers drawn from every section of the nation, he had learned where his own particular genius lay—a flowering that could never have occurred within the confines of his hardware store. From relative obscurity he, and his associates with him, had leaped into national prominence, for $1,500 down.

The next step would be to learn whether they were capable of handling the incredible project that their boldness, persistence, energy, and adroitness had delivered to them.

Huntington in 1900, near the end of his long and frequently controversial life.

The files of the Sacramento *Union* contain frequent mentions of railroad "spot news." In addition, Judah fed material to the editor, a personal friend. Judah was probably "Our Special Correspondent" who covered the progress of the railroad bill in Congress for the *Union*. Many of Judah's promotional writings and engineering reports are in the Bancroft Library (University of California, Berkeley) as is an old stock journal of the California Granite Company, on the inside back cover of which Judah jotted some revealing figures. The voluminous collection of Central Pacific Railroad pamphlets at the Huntington Library, San Marino, contains some of Judah's reports to the directors, and also other ephemera of the times. See, too, Carl Wheat's pioneering but, in my opinion, overly-friendly "A Sketch of the Life of Theodore Judah," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, September, 1928. Judah was not necessarily a St. George simply because he tilted with the Big Four.

The almost endless pages of the eight-volume report of the U.S. Pacific Railway Commission investigations of 1887 (Sen. Ex. Doc. 51, 50th Congress, 1st session, serials 2505–2509) contain gleams of unexpected reminiscences. Strong, for example, recalls the formation of the company and submits copies of correspondence with Judah, pp. 2838*ff*, 2959*ff*; he tells of his trip to Nevada with Huntington and the others, p. 2845. Testimony concerning the lobbying in Washington are *ibid.* 1595*ff*, 1609, 1672*ff*, 3842*ff*, 4783. The *Congressional Globe* for the 37th Congress, 2nd session, reports the debates on the bill itself.

The stories surrounding the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western and related promotional "deals" are not yet fully known. A fine beginning has been made by Wallace Farnham, "The Pacific Railroad Act of 1862," *Nebraska History*, September, 1962. See also Charles N. Glab's *Kansas City and the Railroads* (Madison, 1962) and the early chapters of Stanley Hirschon's biography of Grenville Dodge.

Crocker, Stanford, Huntington, and Anna Judah dictated reminiscences to the scribes of Hubert Howe Bancroft—now in the Bancroft Library and frequently pored over by thesis writers. Those of the railroaders, composed when the railroad was under intense scrutiny, are circumspect, while Anna Judah's is a tale of bitterness recalled in tranquility. Thus all, and particularly Huntington's, should be read with more skepticism than they sometimes receive.

David Lavender, *a frequent contributor to* THE AMERICAN WEST *has written numerous western books, including* The American Heritage Book of the Great West *(1965),* Climax at Buena Vista *(1966), and most recently,* The Rockies *(1968). The above article was adapted from portions of his forthcoming biography of Collis P. Huntington.*

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Pounds and pounds of gold dust. . . . At first glance, the scene above may appear to be a still photograph from a Republic Pictures movie made in about 1942, but it is not—it is the real thing. This incredibly photogenic trio was photographed in 1906 on the Imnachuck River of Alaska, not far from the bustling and geographically unlikely boomtown of Nome. The gentleman in the middle has been identified as "D. Hoogendorn." His two sons, who appear to be twins, are putting on a pretty good show of nonchalance in the face of several thousand dollars worth of gold, but the old man himself can barely restrain a wide-mouthed grin. Turn-of-the-century Nome—its founding, its people, and its mines—will be documented in text and pictures in a forthcoming article by William Bronson.